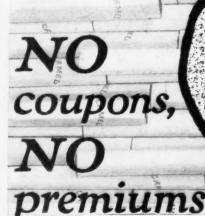


CONSIDER THE LILIES

Don't look for premiums or coupons, as the cost of the tobaccos blended in CAMEL Cigarettes pro-



but my, what a cigarette!

That's what you'll naturally exclaim when you have smoked a few Camels and get the cigarette happiness that's bound to come to you from the expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos that you will find in Camels. And that delightful, refreshing flavor and mellow-mild-body that proves how much it will afford you in cigarette contentment—instantly! You do not look for or expect coupons or premiums! Never has there been such a cigarette made; never has there been put into a cigarette such a combination of desirable features so appealing to cigarette smokers! For

not parch your throat; will not leave any unpleasant cigaretty after-taste!

The stamp placed over end seals the package, which keeps out air, thereby preserving the quality of the blended tobaccos. By inserting the fingers as illustrated, the stamp easily breaks without tearing the tin foil, which folds back into its place. Add to this the smoothness of Camels, because you can smoke them freely without tiring your taste; without a suggestion of comeback! And to prove absolutely the superiority of Camels to your satisfaction, you are asked to compare them with any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages, 20 for 10c; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton for \$1.00. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.





·LIFE 050 L 58 v. 67, pt. 2 c.1



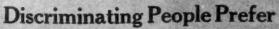
The hours need never drag for lack of entertainment if you have a Columbia in your home. And the longer you own a Columbia, the more you will enjoy it—the more you will know what it means and what it can mean in pleasure.

# COLUMBIA DOUBLE-RECORDS

bring you the liveliest of times: joy-filled evenings, *impromptu* parties—no end of ways in which the Columbia may be used. There's a Columbia dealer near you who can bring these delights—the delights of commanding "All the Music of All the World"—into your home *today*.

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month.



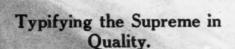


#### Great Western Champagne

"BRUT SPECIAL 1900"
(absolutely brut)

"SPECIAL RESERVE"
(very dry)

"EXTRA DRY"
(medium)



Only American Champagne Awarded Gold Medals in Europe (World's Competition.)

Paris 1900, 1889 and 1867 Bruxelles 1910-1897. Vienna 1893.

Fermented in Bottle. - Six to Seven Years.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co., - Rheims, N. Y. Oldest and Largest Producers of Champagne in America





Sh

Ef

Th

seas

#### Rhymed Reviews

#### The Real Adventure

(By Henry Kitchell Webster. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

WHO'D ever guess that grief could

The youthful romance, sugar-coated, Of Rose and Rodney Aldrich—such A splendid pair, and so devoted!

However, Rose, as Rodney's wife, Was hedged by fondness too paren-

Her only job in married life Was being cute and ornamental.

She mightn't sweep or pick up pins,
Nor wash her husband's hose or
mend them.

Efficient nurses ruled her twins

And wouldn't let her help to tend
them.

To Rodney then she said, "Adieu! Your love is dear, don't think I spurn it;

But since I want your Friendship, too, I'm going off to work and earn it."

For all his pleas she slipped away

And joined a comic opera chorus.

The words that Rodney wished to say

Would make a fine profane thesaurus.

They passed through many days of

stress— Self-questionings with doubtful an-

Till Rose achieved superb success
Designing frocks for ballet-dancers.

'Twas then the pair again clasped hands;



A wise old head on spry young feet

A man is as old as he walks.

There's sprightly youthful walking in

CATS PAW,

#### RUBBER HEELS

An old head is a wise head and insists on Cat's Paw Rubber Heels—

Because the Foster Friction Plug won't let you slip.

No holes to track mud and dirt. They give freedom and lightness to the body and they grip safely any slippery street, pavement or floor.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind—you can find them at all dealers—50 cents attached—black or tan.

Put youth on your feet. Get a pair today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO., 105 Federal Street, - Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.





They didn't sign a joint indenture, But said, "We'll live as Life demands, And that shall be The Real Adventure."

But Rose! To leave those infants small

For some delusive freak or other! What's that? The Author planned it

Ah, yes; he never was a Mother!

Arthur Guiterman.



EASTER GREETINGS TO FATHER



Was Ist Das?

In August, 1914, I begun takin Life und I am now almost down und oudt.

Obey dot Imbulze

#### The Humiliation Number of Life

Next week—Voicing our sense of national humiliation.

Special Offer

find One Dol-lar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send Life for three months to

#### "Sunset"

Yearly subscribers receive a copy of this handsome premium picture, size 23 x 161/2. printed in the glowing sunset colors, and ready for framing.



Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



Volunteer: "WE WANT TO GO TO THE FRONT AT ONCE, SIR!"

Officer (good humouredly): "ALL IN GOOD TIME, MY LADS! YOU MUST FIRST GET INTO PERFECT CONDITION, LIKE 'JOHNNIE WALKER.' THEN YOU'LL BE IN FRONT—AND NOT EASILY SHIFTED."

"Johnnie Walker" got to "the front" generations ago—but first was put in "perfect condition." The same "condition" exists to-day—and the "Johnnie Walker" non-refillable bottle safeguards it all the way to you.

Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label Whisky is over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Agents: WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1158 Broadway, NEW YORK.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

LIFE

The enthusiasm for France inspired by Lafayette is re-inspired by Perrier.



TABLE WATER

THE most unprejudiced thing in the world is a refined palate, and American epicures were quick to acknowledge the subtle superiority of Perrier Water—the crystal-pure sparkling natural water that has so quickly captured the epicurean blue ribbon.

There is no saltiness in Perrier, the great reason why it combines so perfectly with Wines and Spirits.

Obtainable at all high-class Hotels, Restaurants, and Grocers.

Perrier, Ltd. 515 Longacre Bldg. Cor. Broadway & 42d St., New York. For a high-class Highball—say PERRIER.



Bubbling with its own carbonic gas.

# PURE WHISKY JUST as Nature must depend upon a combination of fine things to make a striking landscape, so does Cascade combine superior elements and natural treatment to produce its goodness. Original Bottling has Old Gold Label. GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers Nashville, Tenn. 15 L

#### . The Banker

THE Job for which I never hanker
Is that of him they call a Banker,
Who gets cartooned in Silk Top-hats,
White Whiskers, Waistcoats, Shirts and Spats;
Who perspicaciously arranges
Some Mysteries yclept "Exchanges"
And "Arbitrage" and "Drafts," and lends
Your Cash and mine to Business Friends.
To sit like him and 'tend to Banking,
With all that Money clinking-clanking,
Would try, I'm sure, the Man of Uz,—
Besides, I don't know what he does.

Arthur Guiterman.

#### Lo and Behold

SEE the Constitution!

Yes. What a pretentious and pompous Constitution it is! What is the object of the Constitution?

The object of the Constitution is to write down certain fundamental principles for the guidance of contemporaries and posterity.

Does it succeed in that effort?

Only to a slight degree. The Constitution is so full of guile and so poorly written and in such abstract terms that nobody but the judges and lawyers can understand it, and no two of them understand it the same way.

Doesn't that make the whole situation rather annoying? Not for the lawyers and judges. They thrive on misunderstandings. The more misunderstandings there are the more judges and lawyers are required to engage in them. Of course, they must all be paid, and the more adept a lawyer or judge is in misunderstanding a simple proposition the better pay he can command.

Surely you do not blame that upon the Constitution.

Oh, no. That would be foolish when there are so many other things for which the Constitution is blameworthy.

What do you consider the chief defects of the Constitution?

The chief defects of the Constitution, as any one can plainly see from a few days' reading of our newspapers, are that the things which the Constitution specifically prohibits are constantly recurring, and the things that it specifically guarantees are very difficult to find.



THE SUNDAY GUEST

Tommy: GEE WHIZ! I HOPE HE DOESN'T LIKE WHITE MEAT'

# Perfume Personalit

Selection of your perfume is an art-odors carry suggestions—they reveal your inner self, your personality, in fact.

Cultivate the habit of choosing the appropriate perfume—a perfume that suits your personality. You can, for there is an imported odor that has been made for you by the master Perfumer of Paris

# (Pronounced REE-GO)

-he can help you find your perfume affinity.



The Lilac



Mary

#### The Sunny Disposition

For the woman brimming with sympathy, with the dimpled smile and sunny disposition mirrored in her eyes—the perfect perfume is



—the sweet fragrance of the Lilac fixed permanently in all its natural freshness by the master art of RIGAUD (pronounced art of Ree-go).

> Extract \$1.00 and up Face Powder \$1.00



LILAS de RIGAUD Toilet Water, Talcum, Sachet, Cold Cream, Bath Salts, Soap

#### The Emotional Type

The woman possessed of temperament-with profoundly sincere feelings, pulsating with strong, appealing emotions, finds the best expression of her-

#### MARY GARDEN

original creation of RIGAUD (pronounced Ree-go) is undoubtedly the favorite perfume of today. It is blend of flower odors.

Extract \$1.00 and up Face Powder \$1.00 and \$2.00



Toilet Water, Mary Garden Talcum, Sachet, Cold Cream, Soap, Solid Rouge and Face Powder

#### The Graceful Brunette

For the dark complexioned, dark eyed beauty with long lashes - languorous yet vivacious in manner at times-nothing can equal

#### CAROLINA WHITE

This suave, seductive and withal mysterious odor of the Orient creates an attractive atmosphere" all its own.

> Extract \$1.00 and up Face Powder \$1.50



Carolina White Toilet Water, Talcum, Sachet, Cold Cream,

These suggestions may help your choice:

is absolutely Lilac in all its innocent freshness, youthfulness, charming delicacy and unobtrusiveness. LILAS de RIGAUD, moreover, is distinctively a flower per-fume, while Mary Garden and Carolina White perfumes are both artistically combined bouquet odors of peculiar and distinctive excellence.

FREE Make your choice of one only of these distinctive RIGAUD Perfumes—take the attached coupon to your Dealer and he will give you (or obtain for you) a free specimen of any one of these perfumes.

All these specimens are expensive productions pray, therefore, use discretion in selecting the one suitable for your personality—the one RIGAUD especially made for you.

Write your name on the coupon and take to your drug store or department store

Trans conclusions none it consults

TAKE THIS FREE COUPON TO YOUR DRUGGIST OR DEPARTMENT STORE TODAY
Please deliver to beare one FREE Specimen of Check here | Lina de Rigaud Face Powder | Mary Gardin | Mary

no more samples, sign below and forward this is and we will send sample to you, all charges at Customer's name is on coupon and we will the sample so that when you receive the sample er for whom it was intended.

RIGAUD, 75 Barrow Street, New York

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



Ring Around The Moon Genuine Photogravure. Size 9 x 12 in. Price 25 cents.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



Rare Form Printed in colors on plate-marked Bristol. Size 12 x 16 in. Price 25 cents.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot Printed in colors on plate-marked Bristol. Size 12 x 16 in. Price 25 cents.

### Life Prints

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



Reveries of a Bachelor

At times beside the cheery blaze, When Care and I are leagues apart, A gentle phantom steals and lays A tender hand upon my heart.

Then, nestling closer, beckons where A smaller phantom laughs and crows. I wake and wonder: Life is fair And glad and free and—yet, who knows?

Genuine Photogravure. Double mounted. Size 14½ x 20 in. Price, including verse, \$1.00.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



All's Well That Ends Well Printed in colors on plate-marked Bristol. Size 12 x 16 in. Price 25 cents.

Shipped Prepaid to Any Address Upon Receipt of Price

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY 17 West 31st Street New York Copr. Life Pub. Co.



Working To Beat Hell Genuine Photogravure. New size 11 x 14 in. Price 25 cents.

Copr. Tife Pub. Co.



S. O. S. Printed in colors on plate-marked Bristol. Size 12 x 16 in. Price 25 cents.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



The Dreamers Printed in colors on plate-marked Bristol. Size 12 x 16 in. Price 25 cents.



#### Knew His Job

IT was Easter eve on leap year, and the dear young thing, who had been receiving long but somewhat unsatisfactory visits from the very shy young man, decided she might take a chance. Robert had brought her a splendid Easter lily.

"I'll give you a kiss for that lily," she promised blushingly.

The exchange was duly, not to say happily, made. Robert started hurriedly toward the door.

"Why, where are you going?" asked his girl in surprise.

"To the florist's for more Easter lilies!" he replied.

#### Lawyers and Lawyers

LEWIS SEIBOLD, correspondent of the World, in reporting the enquiry as to Mr. Brandeis, described Moorfield Storey as "a lawyer of recognized standing and ability," and mentioned Sherman L. Whipple as "of equally high standing."

But Mr. Whipple's standing is different from Mr. Storey's. The Federal District Attorney, as reported in the Times, spoke of Mr. Storey as the head of the Boston Bar, and called Mr. Whipple "the greatest litigating lawyer in New England." That was nearer right. Mr. Whipple enjoys the reputation of being so formidable and so merciless in cross-examination that lawyers with clients or witnesses who have not adapted to stand baiting, compromise cases rather than take the chances of damage to delicate witnesses at his hands.





The Warren case, so much discussed in connection with Mr. Brandeis, was a case before a referee where there was not even a strong judge to restrain Mr. Whipple. Mr. Warren was by no means a tender flower, but Mr. Whipple caught him not at the top of health, and cross-examined him day after day until one night Mr. Warren went home and died. Mr. Brandeis, whose firm took care of Mr. Warren's case, was busy in some public service

**FUR STORAGE** 

Dry Cold Air-Improved Method

FURS REMODELED OR REPAIRED

at moderate prices.

case and was not himself able to defend Mr. Warren.

The relations between Mr. Warren and Mr. Brandeis had been very close for thirty years. How Mr. Brandeis felt to be commended to the Senate Committee by Mr. Sherman Whipple must be left to conjecture.

MYTHOLOGY is a certain part of religion from which the faith has been entirely extracted.



FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FIFTH STREET NEW YORK

# Give YOUR Lawn Better Care

Proper lawn care in the spring counts greatly toward a beautiful summer sward. Start your lawn care right this season. Have the **Ideal** ready for the very first cutting. It will provide double care—more efficiently and more economically—now, and all summer long.

The **Ideal Junior Power Lawn Mower** for 1916 offers all the features on which **Ideal** has built its splendid reputation, with many new refinements and improvements—simple, reliable clutch, automobile throttle control, gearless differential. It stands unexcelled in the field of lawn mowing machines.



#### Purely Elementary

Until the politicians at Washington have some comprehension of the elementary problems of banking, it is idle for them to rail at the banks for taking precautions absolutely essential to their own safety.—Elmer H. Youngman, Editor Bankers' Magazine, in New York Times.

FAR be it from us to say aught in extenuation of the politicians of Washington. We are prepared to believe about them even some of the things which an expert banker might say. But what are the "elementary" problems of banking? So far as human experience points out, they consist in making as large a profit as possible for the bankers. Banks are not in business for their health. That is why, when we hear of their taking muchneeded "precautions," we assume that they are doing this in their own interest.

The "safety" of banks may, of course, be the "safety" of the public.

But not invariably, any more than the "safety" of a man who sells you a horse may consist in his charging you twice as much as the horse is worth.

The public is also entitled to take precautions for its own safety. The fact that this may be a new idea in the circles in which Mr. Youngman moves and has his being does not make it any the less true.

"HAVE you succeeded in demonstrating that astronomical theory of yours?"

"Certainly not," replied the scientist. "As soon as an astronomical theory becomes thoroughly demonstrated it loses half its value as a subject for magazine articles."



WILL YE PLEASE TELL MISS TILLIE SMITH 'AT MR. BOBBIE JONES WANTS HER TO COME OUT AN' MAKE MUD PIES"

For Bos ers dire

This of gr cut. style ey rel for les price,

3½ This 3 of greater mening.

We reas to ability bank paper. This trated lect, a how the monds. sizes, a consider

371

HIIII

FROM JASON WEILER & SON

Diamond Importers, Boston, Mass. and save 20 to 40 per cent on retail or jewelers' price

For over 40 years the house of Jason Weiler & Son of Boston has been one of America's leading diamont injuries selling to jewelers. However, a large business is done direct by mail with customers at importing prices! Here are four diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond surely interest any presen mond purchaser.





1 Carat, \$95.00

This 1-carat genuine diamond is of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in ladies' or men's style 14k. Solid gold setting. Money refunded if you can duplicate it for less than \$125.00. \$95





3½ Carats, \$595.00

This 3½-carat genuine diamond is of great brilliancy, fine color, and perfectly cut. Mounted in ladies' or men's style 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jew-eler can duplicate it for less than \$255.00.

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied

If desired, rings will be sent to your Bank or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for 5 years' full value goes with every purchase.

We refer you, as to our reli-ability, to any bank or news-paper in Boston.

WRITE TODAY
FOR THIS TO BEAUTIFUL
BOOK ON
HOW TO BUY
DIAMONDS

This catalog is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select, and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut, and market diamonds. This book showing weights, sizes, and prices (\$40 to \$60,000), is considered an authority.

A copy will be mailed to you FREE on receipt of your name and address.

Jason Weiler & Son

371 Washington Street

Boston, Mass. Diamond Importers Since 1876
foreign Agencies : Antwerp and Paris

Logic

WAR horse on his way to the front was accosted by a plow horse.

"I understand," remarked the plow horse, "that you will last about thirty days in active service."

"About that," assented the war

"My grandfather lived thirty years," declared the plow horse.

"Ah!" commented the war horse.

" And if you suppose that his life was an unbroken round of drudgery," protested the plow horse, "you are mistaken. On Sundays he was turned out to nibble the grass, and when it rained he slept in his stall."

The war horse was silent.

"My grandfather, moreover," the plow horse insisted, "lived a useful life. His labors made corn grow, and the corn fed people. You labor to destroy people. If you contend that most people might as well be dead as live the life which signifies so little, I warn you that I don't agree with you."

"Well, I must be going," quoth the war horse, and moved off.

The plow horse raised his voice.

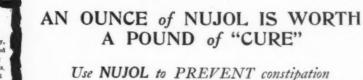
" As for the thrill of war, the uplift, the appeal to the imagination," he exclaimed vehemently, "I don't think much of it!"

But the war horse was gone. Logically, what could he say?

"MAKING any progress toward getting acquainted with those fashionable people next door?

"Just a little. Their cat invited our cat over to a musicale last night."

-About Town.



LITTLE care about eating, a moderate amount of exercise, and the use of Nujol as an internal lubricant to counteract any tendency to costiveness, will keep most people free from constipation.

On the other hand, careless dosing with habitforming laxatives and cathartics may easily bring about a serious condition. Laxatives and strong purges won't "cure" constipation. Frequently they serve to aggravate the very condition they are supposed to relieve

Nujol relieves constipation without upsetting the digestive processes or forming a habit. It acts in effect as a mechanical lubricant, softening the contents of the intestines and so encouraging normal, healthy bowel movements.

Most druggists carry Nujol, which is sold only in pint bottles packed in cartons bearing the Nujol trademark. If your druggist does not carry Nujol, we will send you a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75 cents—money order or stamps.

Address Dept. 15.

#### STANDARD OIL COMPANY (New Jersey)

Bayonne

Nujol

Ministrative that District State of Personal and Ventor

New Jersey





# "The Family Silver"

The family silver does not and need not always imply the possession of gorgeous silver service and ornaments.

Silver knives and forks and spoons and a tea service are not less "Family Silver" because they fulfil requirements rather than exceed them.

But what is important is that your silverware, however modest in extent, shall be of a calibre to deserve the name of "Family Silver."

And that is another way of saying your silverware must be Gorham

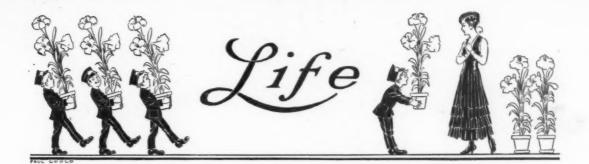
Gorham Silverware is used more and known better than any other silverware on the American Continent. It has been in the service of the American people for 85 years and may be fairly described as "The Family Silver of the Nation."

> Silverware with the Gorham name costs no more than silverware without it

## THE GORHAM CO.

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths

FIFTH AVENUE AND 36th STREET
17-19 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK



#### To-day at Four O'clock

OH, all my thoughts are singing,
Expectantly are singing;
My hair is neat as it can be,
I've on my prettiest frock.
The candles all are lighted low,
The fire burns with happy glow,
For you are coming to tea with me
To-day at four o'clock!

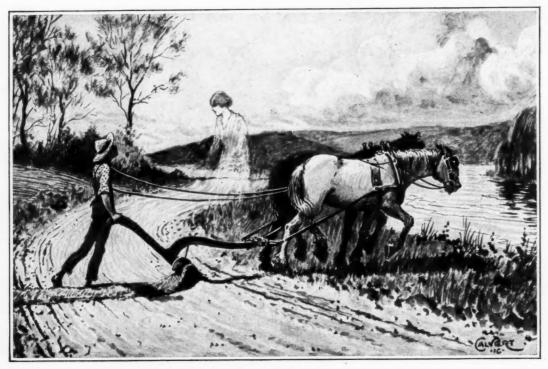
Now all my thoughts are dreary,
Discouraged, dull and weary;
My hair is not what it should be,
I don't much like my frock.
The candles all are burned away—
Oh, what a dark and chilly day!
You did not come to tea with me
To-day at four o'clock.

Katherine Parke Lewis,



FOR THE MAXIMUM EFFECT

WHY NOT "PARADE" THROUGH THE POORER DISTRICTS OF THE CITY ON EASTER SUNDAY?



"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY-"

#### **Dalliance**

THERE'S a hidden, green-swept garden with a plot within its wall

Where a lichened Pan is luting to a fawn;

There's a fountain rim a-brimming in a beaded waterfall, And an alabaster sun-dial on the lawn.

A slender moon comes out at night to dust the dew with silver—

Then like a swoon the scarlet sun will rise Mid spray of dusky opal in a veil to hide its splendor 'Til the little stars run back to Paradise.

For April is a garden we have fashioned in our dreams, And Pan is at his magic not in vain,

And his winsome music whispers round the garden wall and seems

As witching as the gusts of springtime rain.

Beware! Shall we beware how we reckon April's gifts? . . .

Lo, the beauty that incarnadines the Spring

Soon passes like a phantom where the petals lie in drifts—And the lute of Pan is such a fragile thing!

Morris Gilbert.

#### Our Shame Department Campaign

(Under the charge of J. Morganblaum Henryhock, who has agreed to spend over a million dollars)

Advertisement Number Two

FRANCE helped us win the war of the Revolution in 1789. Now look at France fighting for life. God helps those who help themselves. We are helping ourselves to everything in sight. Nothing succeeds like profits. If at first you don't succeed, crawl, crawl again.

Our sense of national shame dates from the morning the news about the Lusitania came over the cables. Now there is nothing to do but to keep on backing water. If in the future we must fight, we should do it in the cheap consciousness that we have left nothing undone to go back on our friends and preserve the balance of trade in our favor.

Our motto: Dollars, doubt and degradation, forever.

#### Signs

HOKUS: So you believe in signs, eh?. Well, when a man is always making new friends, what is that a sign of?

POKUS: It's likely to be a sign that his old friends have found him out.



"YOUR WIFE DOESN'T SMOKE, EH? NONE OF THE VICES?"
"NO, SHE ONLY DRINKS AND SWEARS."



IF THE SERVANTS WERE TO TELL THEM WHAT THEY REALLY THINK OF THEM



#### The Best Known Unknown

THERE was a paragraph in Life the other day confessing ignorance of Dr. Conwell of Philadelphia, rated in the *Public Ledger* as the greatest living American preacher.

Harper & Brothers, publishers of "Acres of Diamonds," a book that he wrote, write to say:

We are not surprised that LIFE had never heard of Dr. Conwell, as he is, without doubt, the best known Unknown in this country. His achievements have escaped the press to a remarkable degree. He seems to be just taken for granted in his denomination, in his home town, and in the tall timber where his name is a household word.

The book gives a version of Dr. Conwell's famous lecture, delivered with many variations to innumerable audiences, and which brought him in the money which he used to found a college. It seems to explain the quality of Dr. Conwell's eminence, and indicates that his relation to preaching is like that of Bryan to politics, or of a best-seller to literature. His lecture discloses in lively and entertaining discourse how to make money by staying at home and doing the next thing.

There may be those who will condole with the Philadelphia minister in having got so little personal advertisement out of his copious and successful labors.

Rather congratulate him. He has had all the good of advertisement without the bother of it.



"—THE CHURCH WAS CROWDED"

#### The Democratic Army

TAMES LORD, boss miner and head of the Mining Division of the American Federation of Labor, wants a democratic army. He has observed the war, and read about the German army, and is not pleased with the notion of an obedient army where the mass of the soldiers are canonen futter, by use of which their superiors express their wills. He is not positive as to details of his democratic army, but suggests that officers in it should be elected; that soldiers should be tried by their peerstheir fellow soldiers-for military offenses, rather than by officers; that it would help to guarantee the democracy of a democratic army if its soldiers kept their arms and equipment at home.

It is not hard to see the ideal that James Lord is reaching for. And it is a just ideal, but one may suspect that an army that conformed with his ideas would not be an army at all, but an armed mob. His thought is for the members of the trained, armed force, that they shall not be subject to official tyrannies, nor have their wills subverted to the uses of worse wills, nor be compelled to serve purposes that they disapprove.

Very well, but there is another thought to be taken, a thought for the community at large. No one who has reasonable sense is going to make an army that will act its own will. There is enough inconvenience in the world from people who do as they like, without gathering them into regiments, training them in military exercises and providing them with weapons to keep at home, where individually they will have them handy.

An army is a servant. Every soldier in it, from general to the last private, is a servant. Every man jack of them is there to do, not what he will, but what is ordered. That is why the military industry is called "the service." So it has been in all effective armies; so it must be so long as armies are; and as much in a democratic army as in any other.

We talk so much about liberty and free speech, and all the other varieties of freedom, that it may seem to be a defect in the military training that it is a training to service.

On the contrary, that is its merit, for service is immeasurably the highest thing that man attains to. There is Scripture for that, and probably it was an old, recognized truth when it got into Scripture. *Ich Dien* of the crest of the Black Prince is only a repetition of it. It is not that man ennobles service, but that service ennobles man, and that through that door every man who would be great must come to his greatness.

But whom shall a democratic army serve?

The people, to be sure, of whom it is a part, and in whose voice it speaks. An army, any kind of an army, must obey the state and the officers the state gives it. If it gets detached from its state as Xenophon's Ten Thousand did, it must obey the officers it gives itself. Unless it obeys somebody it isn't an army, but a mob, and except temporari-

ly in emergencies it cannot be a town meeting.

What would make a democratic army would be, it would seem, a common consent to discipline, a brotherliness in service, a recognition that it is the office that one obeys rather than the man in it, and that the office is necessary. But we need not grope about after the constituents of a democratic army, for there is at least one that we can examine. The French have one. It exists by consent and contrivance of the French people. It is brotherly, it is obedient, and anyone who questions its efficiency may be referred to Berlin. If we want to know how to have a democratic army, we can ask the E. S. Martin.

#### Safety Last

THE Safety Last Association was organized yesterday afternoon with great enthusiasm, amid cries of "America for the Americans!"

It is a patriotic society, designed to offset the Safety Firsters.

"There are two sides to every question," said the Chairman, a prominent automobile manufacturer. "Most people live too long, anyway. For every person run over by an auto or railroad train the State is saved at least one hundred dollars."

"The Blessings of Grade Crossing," a paper, was read with great applause.

Among the most interesting pieces of testimony, however, came from a young lady, the title of whose talk was, "How It Feels to be Almost Killed."

"I was run over and badly injured while crossing the street in New York, and I can truly say that it is not nearly so bad as our opponents, the Safety Firsters, would make out. Aside from having several bones broken and being in the hospital for a couple of months, I really had an enjoyable time. I have

come to the conclusion that it pays to be crippled. I never think of walking now, and I know my real friends."

It is expected that Safety Last will spread over all the country. With a rapidly decreasing population, think of how the survivors will enjoy themselves!



The Devil: WHAT IS THAT—A PORCU-

Cupid: NO; JUST A LITTLE PRACTICE.
I'M GETTING READY FOR THE SUMMER
CAMPAIGN.



THAT SECOND COCKTAIL



THE GRAND TOUR FOR STAY-AT-HOMES SCALING THE MATTERHORN



HIS WIFE'S PORTRAIT

The Husband: it promises well.

Artist: yes! it will be a speaking likeness.

"ER—PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER TONE IT DOWN JUST A LITTLE."

#### Their Finish

DANTE: What sufferers are these?

Beatrice: Those are the peace-at-any-price Americans who, rather than protest about Belgium, preferred their country should make all the money she could. They are now enjoying themselves in a specially made German hell.

#### Her Reference

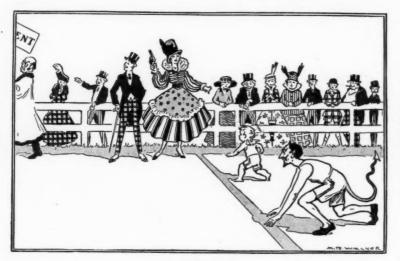
MADAM: Have you any references?
THE FRENCH MAID: Zee husband of zee lady where I last worked he give me an automobile.

#### The Best-Seller

THE best-seller is a combination of words arranged in such a way that the public will think the ideas they represent are something new.

A best-seller differs from a comic opera in that it has a plot. But it is like a comic opera in that its "business" has been arranged by the management.

The author of every best-seller is a man who through long years of toil has been trained to make a noise like literature. The measure in which he falls short is more than made up by the advertisements.



THE END OF LENT

#### Ideas and "Ads"

There are newspapers which lend their columns to fraudulent advertisers for the exhortation of their readers and have no scruples of conscience about it so long as they get pay for the advertising.

—Kansas City Star.

A FRAUDULENT advertisement is not a pleasant companion and its use and growth should be checked. But after all, are not fraudulent advertisements more easily detected than fraudulent ideas, and is it not too much a propensity of all newspapers to lend their columns to fraudulent ideas?

A CYNIC is a person who sneers at life after life has sneered at him.

#### Boiling Down the Ten Commandments

AT the next triennial celebration of the Protestant-Episcopal Church in St. Louis in October, the ten commandments, boiled down to seventy-six words, will be submitted for approval. The fourth commandment, for example, will read as follows:

"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work."

The superfluous comment about rest and the Sabbath being the Lord's will be omitted.

This is in line with the most modern progress. Bestsellers are increasing somewhat in length, which necessitates a cropping off somewhere else. Moses did not understand that brevity is the soul of wit. He ran on too much. If he were alive to-day he would undoubtedly be a congressman or an after-dinner speaker.

#### Wanted

EXTRAVAGANT, irresponsible society woman with in-

Editorial writer to take our course in history. Real facts given out!

Authors—authors—authors wanted to learn the English language. Up two stories and then to the right.

Coal operators to work in coal mines.

Doctors to be operated on. Easy hours, pleasant, sunny rooms.

MAUD: Do any of the people at your church speak to you?

BEATRIX: Not yet, but I'm sure they will. We've only belonged for a couple of years.

FRIEND: Have you always been in this business?
INSURANCE ADJUSTER: Oh, no. I began life as a messenger boy, but the pace was too fast.



Hoary Idealist: COME ON, DANCE, YOU SON OF A GUN! IT'S SPRING!

#### Proving It

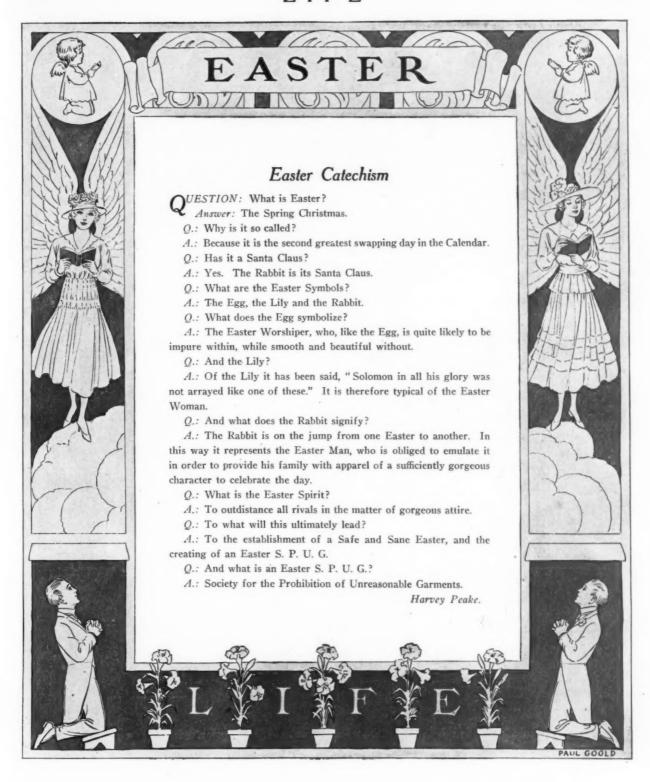
MRS. JUSTWED: And would you really do anything for me, Jack?

JUSTWED: Darling, I swear it!

"Just to make people laugh, too."

Mrs. J.: Then would you please let my brother Bob, the surgeon, operate on you for something? He's just starting in, you know!

"I SEE that Charlie Chaplin gets ten thousand dollars a week just to make people laugh. Why, that is almost as much as a state senator gets in a year."



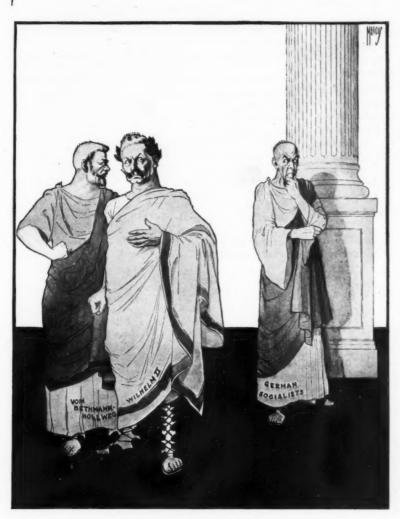
#### · LIFE ·



INSOMNIA

#### · LIFE ·





" Caesar: YOND CASSIUS HAS A LEAN AND HUNGRY LOOK"

#### Easter in Washington Square

ADOWN the blooming primrose

Across the dew-hung morning, You pass to keep the Easter Day, The Avenue adorning.

A memory of the olden times, Of ruffs and laces,

The ladies of the Dobson rhymes And rakes and races!

A stream once ran beneath your feet Where shadows quiver,

And lovers strolled along the street Beside the river

Where now the archway breaks the sky,

And when day falters The star of Easter shines on high

To mark our altars!

My Lady of the daffodils

That smile to greet you

The fragrant Square with glory fills—
Love waits to meet you.

Life, and again more life, to fling Your hands to pillage;

The dream—the song—the fire of Spring

In Greenwich Village!

Still sounds the lute and droops the rose;

Joy trips in tether;

Spring's gentle wind about us blows Our hearts together,

Just as of old! Mark with what grace Fate nimbly shuffles,

Here, sitting in the same old place For tea and truffles!

Kate Masterson.

#### Awards in the Short Story Competition

IT must seem to Life's readers that it has taken an interminable time to conduct and to conclude the Short Story Competition. To the impatient competitors it must have seemed still longer. For the editors and readers it has been neither a brief nor an easy experience. It has taken a long time, but it should be remembered that more than thirty thousand stories were submitted. These all had to be read, none of them less than twice and many of them several times by several readers and judges.

Eighty-one stories were considered suitable for its columns and worthy of printing in Life. These were carefully compared by the editors. The authors of the best twelve were chosen as the final judges to select the best three from the entire eighty-one.

There was no difficulty on their part in awarding the first prize of one thousand dollars and the second prize of five hundred dollars. Although, as will be seen by the list below, the judges represented centres widely separated geographically, there was a very considerable uniformity in their literary taste, as evidenced by their opinions of what were the best stories for the first two prizes. And, although it was allowable under the rules, several of them did not vote for their own stories for the first prize. In the case of the third prize there was such a division of opinion that the editors, under the rule of the competition which gave them the final decision in all matters concerning the contest, determined that it would be fair to divide the third prize between two competitors who had received the same number of the judges' votes.

As a result of the very thorough and fair consideration of all the stories submitted, the first prize of one thousand dollars is awarded to RALPH HENRY BARBOUR, Manchester, Massachusetts, and George RALPH OSBORNE, Cambridge, Massachusetts, joint authors of

"Thicker Than Water"

The second prize of five hundred dollars is awarded to HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS, Macon, Georgia, the author of

"The Answer"

The third prize of two hundred and fifty dollars is divided between DWIGHT M. WILEY, Princeton, Illinois, the author of

"Her Memory"

and REDFIELD INGALLS, New York City, the author of

"Business and Ethics"

The winning stories are reprinted in this issue, beginning on this page.

The Editors of LIFE congratulate the winners and offer their thanks to the less fortunate competitors as well as to the judges and others who have helped in making the competition successful and interesting.

The judges who made the final decision are: HERBERT HERON, Carmel, Cal.
J. H. RANSOM, Houston, Texas.
RALPH HENRY BARBOUR, Manchester, Mass.
CLARENCE HERBERT NEW, Brooklyn, N. Y.
WILLIAM JOHNSTON, New York City.
GRAHAM CLARK, New York City.
MRS. ELSIE D. KNISELY, Everett, Wash.
MRS. JANE DAHL, San Francisco, Cal.
SELWYN GRATTAN, New York City.
E. L. SMITH, Ft. Worth, Texas.
HERBERT RILEY HOWE, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
MISS RUTH STERRY, Los Angeles, Cal.

#### Thicker Than Water

Ralph Henry Barbour and George Ralph Osborne

DOCTOR BURROUGHS, summoned from the operating room, greeted his friend from the doorway. "Sorry, Harry, but you'll have to go on without me. I've got a case on the table that I can't leave. Make my excuses, will you?"

"There's still an hour," replied the visitor. "I'm early and can wait."

"Then come in with me." Markham followed to the operating room, white-walled, immaculate, odorous of stale ether and antiseptics. On the table lay the sheeted form of a young girl. Only the upper portion of the body was visible, and about the neck wet, red-stained bandages were bound. "A queer case," said the surgeon. "Brought here from a sweat-shop two hours ago. A stove-pipe fell and gashed an artery in her neck. She's

bleeding to death. Blood's supposed to be thicker than water, but hers isn't, poor girl. If it would clot she might pull through. Or I could save her by transfusion, but we can't find any relatives, and there's mighty little time."

The attending nurse entered. "The patient's brother is here," she announced, "and is asking to see her."

"Her brother!" The surgeon's face lighted. "What's he like?"

"About twenty, Doctor; looks strong

"See him, Nurse. Tell him the facts. Say his sister will die unless he'll give some blood to her. Or wait!" He turned to Markham. "Harry, you do it! Persuasion's your line. Make believe he's a jury. But put it strong, old

man! And hurry! Every minute counts!"

The boy was standing stolidly in the waiting-room, only the pallor of his healthy skin and the anxiety of his clear eyes hinting the strain. Markham explained swiftly, concisely.

"Doctor Burroughs says it's her one chance," he ended.

The boy drew in his breath and paled visibly,

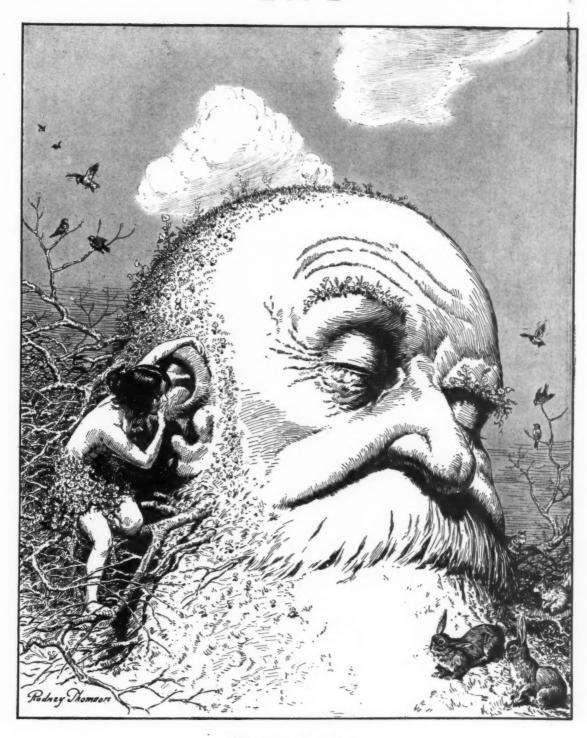
"You mean Nell'll die if someone don't swap his blood for hers?"

"Unless the blood she has lost is replaced——"

"Well, quit beefin'," interrupted the other roughly. "I'm here, ain't I?"

When he entered the operating room the boy gave a low cry of pain, bent over the form on the table and pressed his lips to the white forehead. When he looked up his eyes were filled with tears. He nodded to the surgeon.

Doggedly, almost defiantly, he sub-



THE VOICE OF SPRING

#### ·LIFE



REASONS WHY I LIKE MY DOG

mitted himself, and when the artery had been severed and the blood was pulsing from his veins to the inanimate form beside him his expression changed to that of abject resignation.

Several times he sighed audibly, but as if from mental rather than bodily anguish. The silence became oppressive.

To Markham it seemed hours before the surgeon looked up from his vigil and nodded to the nurse. Then:

"You're a brave lad," he said cheerfully to the boy. "Your sacrifice has won!"

The boy, pale and weak, tried to smile. "Thank God!" he muttered. Then, with twitching mouth: "Say, Doc, how soon do I croak?"

"Why, not for a good many years, I hope." The surgeon turned frowningly to Markham. "Didn't you explain that there was no danger to him?"

"God! I'm afraid I didn't!" stammered Markham. "I was so keen to get his consent. Do you mean that he thought—"

The surgeon nodded pityingly and turned to the lad.

"You're not going to die," he said gently. "You'll be all right to-morrow. But I'm deeply sorry you've suffered as you must have suffered the past hour. You were braver than any of us suspected!"

"Aw, that's all right," muttered the boy. "She's my sister, ain't she?"

#### The Answer

By Harry Stillwell Edwards

THE dim lights of the old pawn-broker's shop flickered violently as the street door opened, letting in a gust of icy wind. The man who came with the wind closed the door with difficulty, approached to the low desk, took off his thin coat, shook the sleet from it and laid it on the counter.

"As much as ye can," he said crisply.
"'Tis me last!"

The broker measured the garment with a careless glance and tossed fifty cents on the counter.

"Come wanst more, me friend! 'Tis not enough for the illigant coat."

Pathos did not appeal often to the old dealer, but this time it did. A vibration in the voice exactly fitted the mystery of something buried deep in the subconsciousness. He questioned the other with a swift glance, hesitated, and by the coin laid another like it. The man nodded.

"'Tis little enough, but 'twill do."

He took a pencil from the desk and with much effort wrote a few lines on a bit of wrapping paper. Straightening, he fixed a steady gaze on the old face turned, not unkindly, to his.

"We have known aiche ither more'n a bit. Ye know I'm not th' drunkard nor th' loafer. I know ye aire a har-r-d man—ye have to be in this trade, har-r-d but square. I am off for good and all; 'tis for the sake of the gyrul and the little man. She'll not go home till I lave her! Sind th' money and the line to the place it spells; 'twill pay her way home—they'll take her, without me; they have said it. Will ye do it?"

The old man looked away from him and was silent.

"Yes!" he said, at length.

They waited and then shook hands, for no reason, after the fashion of men.

"What have you been doing of late?" a voice broke in that was clear-cut, sharp and almost offensively authoritative. It came from a third man standing near, unnoticed. The coatless stranger regarded him steadily, his face hardening. He saw a short, rotund figure, almost swallowed up in a fur coat now thrown open, a heavy chain across the prominent paunch, an enormous diamond above, a prominent curved nose and sweeping black mustache. An elbow on the counter supported a jeweled hand that poised a fat black cigar with an ash half an inch long.

The eyes of the two men met, Celt and Hebrew. A moment of strained silence and something passed. What? Eternity's messages travel many channels. The Irishman's resentment faded; his lips framed a slow, sardonic grin.

"Me? Sure, I been searching for the Christ! Do ye mind that ye saw Him along the way ye came?"

"No," said the other simply. "He does not live in New York! You spoke of going for good. Where—without a coat—by the bridge route?"

"An' is't your business?" The Irish

"Perhaps," replied the Hebrew, coolly flicking the ash. And then:

"Wouldn't you rather put it off and take a job?"

The red faded from the face in front of him, the pale lips parted in silence and one hand caught the counter.

"If you would, come to my place. The Star Pool and Billiard Palace, four blocks above the Bridge, and I'll start you at twelve and a half a week. One of my men skipped with forty dollars' worth of billiard balls yesterday—I am looking for them now. You can have his job. A man who will pawn his coat a night like this for his wife and baby and don't get drunk won't steal billiard balls. It's a business proposition."

He drew from his pocket a fat roll of bills and peeled off a five.

"Take this on account," he concluded, studiously avoiding the other's gaze. "It will loosen up things at home until to-morrow. Here, take your coat along!"

From the door the Irishman rushed back, seized the garment, extended his hand, but suddenly withdrew it.

"Not now, sor," he stammered, brokenly. Sure, I can't say it! I'll say it ivery day I work for ye."

"Good! You're all right! Now hustle, my boy!"

The woman in the room sat prone on the floor, her thin shawl sheltering herself and wailing infant. Not an article of furniture remained, not even her little charcoal burner—it had been the last to go. The firm, quick footsteps in the hallway carried a message that brought her face up and drew her eager gaze to the door. The man who stepped within carried an armful of packages. With her eyes riveted on these, her own arms tightened around the emaciated form she held.

"Maery!" said the newcomer, gently.
"Ye have been telling me I'd be finding the Christ Child if I tried hard—I do remember ye said He always came to the pooer an' sick first, to the honest an' thrue! Ye knew, Maery, me girl! Sure, it's in the holy name of ye—the faith. Well, I found Him to-night!"

He stood silent, his lips twitching and his face drawn against an emotion that shamed him.

A wordless cry came from the woman. She struggled to her knees and leaned toward him, her eyes shining with the light that ever is on land and sea where angels pass.

"Mike! Where?"

The packages slipped from Mike's arms to the floor and his lifted face blanched with the wonder of some far-away scene and a revelation undreamed of in his hard, narrow life. And then with a twinkle in his Irish eyes:

"In the heart of a Jew," he whispered.

#### Business and Ethics

By Redfield Ingalls

IN the dingy office of A. Slivowitz & Co., manufacturers of dyes, things were humming. Every clerk was bent over his desk, hard and cheerfully at work, and there was a general air of bustle and efficiency.

That was because A. Slivowitz stood in the doorway of his private office looking on.

The portly head of the firm watched the scene complacently for a few minutes. Then, catching the eye of his young but efficient private secretary, he beckoned him with an air of mystery to the inner sanctum.

The secretary, who was sharp of eye and alert of manner, rose at once and followed, though it was not the custom of A. Slivowitz to summon him thus. His employer sank ponderously into his swivel chair and motioned to the secretary to shut the door and take a seat. Then for a minute or so he was silent, playing with his massive gold watch chain and studying the young man through puckered lids. But if the secretary was perturbed he did not show it.

"Mr. Sloane," began Slivowitz, at length, in his heavy voice, "you been with the firm now how long—six or five months, ain't it?"

"Nearly six," the dapper young man confirmed, briskly.

"You're a smart feller, Mr. Sloane," his employer continued, examining the huge diamond on his left hand. "Already you picked it up a lot about dyeing. A fine dyer you should make. Now, Mr. Sloane, I'm going to fire you."

The secretary's eyebrows went up a trifle, but otherwise he showed no great perturbation. Perhaps a certain elephantine playfulness in the big man's tone reassured him.

"By me business is good," Slivowitz went on, with a fat chuckle. "I'm a business man, Mr. Sloane, first and last, and nobody don't never put nothing over by me."

Knowing something of his employer's business methods, Sloane could have amplified. What he said was: "Thanks to your royal purple, Mr. Slivowitz, you've about cornered the trade."

"They can't none of 'em touch it, that purple; posi-tive-ly," agreed the dyer, with much satisfaction. "But"—and he became confidential—"between me and you strictly, this here now Domestic Dye Works, they got it a mauve what gives me a pain."

He hitched his chair closer and laid a

pudgy hand on Sloane's knee. "I'm going to fire you," he repeated, with a wink. "I want you should go by the Domestic Dye Works and get it a job. Find out about the formula for their mauve—you understand me—and come back mit it, and you get back your job and a hundred or seventy-five dollars."

Sloane started. For a moment he stared at his employer, his face going red and pale again; then he rose to his feet.

"Sorry, Mr. Slivowitz, but I can't consider it." he said.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Sloane!" protested the dyer, with a laugh, leaning back in his chair. He produced a thick cigar and bit off the end. "These here scruples does you credit, Mr. Sloane, but business is business; and, take it from me, Mr. Sloane, you can't mix business mit ethics. Them things is all right, but you gotta skin the other guy before he skins you first, ain't it?"

"That may be-" began the secretary, as he moved towards the door.

"May be? Ain't I just told you it is?"
Slivowitz paused in the act of striking a match to glare. "You needn't to be scared they'll find it out where you come from and fire you, neither, Mr. Sloane," he added, more quietly and with a cunning expression. "I got brains, I have.

A little thing like that recommends to a smart man like me—" The match broke. He flung it into the cuspidor and selected another.

Sloane paused with his hand on the door-knob. Mr. Slivowitz—" he began again.

"Of course," continued his employer, "I could make it—well, a hundred fifteen, Mr. Sloane. But, believe me, not a cent more, posi-tive-ly."

The secretary shook his head decided-

"What?" roared Slivowitz. "Y' mean to tell me y' ain't goin' to do it? All right; you're fired anyhow, you understand me?" Then with an evil glitter in his eyes, "And if you don't bring by me that formula, you get fired from the Domestic Dye Works; and you don't get it no job nowheres else, too! Now, you take your choice." This time the match lighted successfully.

Sloane smiled. "Quite impossible," he said. "I was going to resign in a day or two, anyway."

"Eh?" exclaimed the head of the firm, his jaw dropping and his florid face paling a little. In the face of a number of possibilities he forgot the match in his fingers.

"Yes. You see—you'll know it sooner or later—the Domestic Dye Works sent me here to learn the formula for your royal purple."

And the door slammed shut behind A. Slivowitz's private secretary.

#### Her Memory

By Dwight M. Wiley

WARRINGTON had really no right to be angry. He was not engaged to Virginia, merely engaged with her in a somewhat tempestuous summer flirtation. Down in his heart he knew it for just that. But he was angry no less, for she had allowed a "hulking ass" newly arrived at the Inn to "hog her whole program and make him look a fool before everyone."

"Ah ha!" cried the still small voice, "so it's Pride, not Heart." And that made him more angry than ever.

So he went away from the ball-room, out onto the dim veranda and strode up and down, muttering things better left unmuttered. Presently he stopped at the far shadowed end, lit a cigarette, snapped his case viciously, and said "Damn."

A demure voice just behind him said "Shocking!" and he turned to confront

a small figure in a big chair backed up against the wall.

"I repeat, shocking," said the voice a very nice voice—and giggled—a very ripply little gurgly little giggle.

His anger went away.

"Mysterious lady of the shadows," he said (he was very good at that sort of thing), "does my righteous wrath amuse you?"

He came nearer. He had thought he knew every girl at the Hotel. Here was a strange one, and pretty. Very. He decided that monopolizing Virginia had been a mistake.

"It's not a night for wrath, righteous or otherwise. See!" and she stretched out her arms to the great moon hanging low over the golf links beyond.

He hunted for a chair. This was bully. And when he had drawn one up, quite close:

"Whence do you come, all silvery with



WORLD DOMINION

the moon, to chide me for my sins, moon maid?"

Without doubt he was outdoing himself.

She laughed softly and leaned toward him, elfin in the pale shimmer of light, "I am Romance," she breathed, "and this is my night. The night the moon and I conspire to make magic."

He secured a slim hand. The pace was telling. His voice was a little husky.

"Your charms are very potent, moon maid," he said; "it is magic, isn't it? It—it doesn't happen like this—really." Their eyes met—clung.

"You—you take my breath," he stammered. "Does your heart mean what your eyes are saying? Don't—don't look at me like that unless you do—mean it."

She didn't answer in words. She, too, was breathing quickly.

He released her hand, and sprang up—half turned away. Then he dropped to the arm of her chair. Swiftly he took her face in his two hands. The throbbing of her throat intoxicated him. "I—love me," he stammered.

Her lips moved. A sob more poignant than words. They kissed for a long time. There were footsteps down the veranda. She drew away. She recognized her mother's voice and Miss Neilson's. She was thinking very quickly. Should she send him away or end it now—end it all now?

"You darling—you darling. I—I love you," he was saying.

She leaned to him. "Kiss me. Kiss me—quickly."

The voices were quite close now.

"Mother," she called, "here I am." She laughed. "But I guess you know I wouldn't run away. Mother, this is Mr.—ah—Brown, and we have been discussing—doctors. Mr. Brown has an uncle in exactly my condition. Hopelessly paralyzed."

She said it calmly. The world reeled. His brain was numb. She was being wheeled away by the nurse. A wheeled chair—God!

"Good night," she called.

A cripple. He had kissed her. Horrible! He made for the bar.

In her room while the nurse was making her ready for bed, the mother said, "How strange you look, dear. And how—how beautiful."

She flung her arms wide in an intox-

ication of triumph. "Mother," she half sobbed, "all my life to now I've been just—just a thing. A cripple. Now now—I am a woman."

"Oh, God!" she cried, her eyes starry.
"Life is good—good. For now—now I have—a Memory."



THE FIRST DOLLAR HE EVER EARNED

#### · LIFE ·

#### Needless Naughtiness

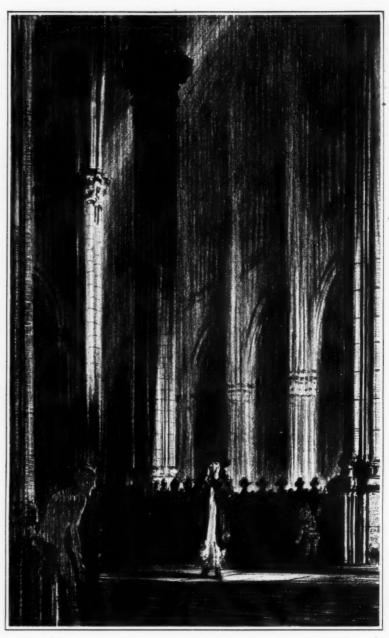
DISCLOSING at some length in a leaded editorial "The Failure of Colonel House," the Boston Transcript lately anticipated his "return from Europe without the invitation for President Wilson to serve as mediator to the warring nations which he was sent to secure."

Tut, tut! Why does the Transcript say such things? Why does it print editorials at all? It gives its readers the afternoon news in good form and measure, including the Harvard College items, the Back Bay obituaries, the Vincent Club engagements and the Givers to Good Objects. These last four necessaries the Transcript supplies in a way to beat the world. It ought to stick to them, and to news and to its excellent magazine matter. It has no need to bite a partisan thumb at House and Wilson. It has no need of editorials at all. A paper that can supply its constituency with as steady and reliable a line of engagements and obituaries as the Transcript can command, is superior to editorials, and should leave them to common, struggling papers that have no mortuary and hymeneal pull.

As for Colonel House, if he was sent to pick up a job in mediation for President Wilson, no doubt he got it; if he was sent on some other errand, no doubt he did it. All that is certain in the matter is that neither he nor the President has made a confidant of the Transcript, and that that excellent parochial organ is talking through its bonnet.



Congress: DON'T YOU TALK TO ME ABOUT THE ENEMY'S GUNS SHOOTING THIRTY MILES! I'LL BUY YOU A GOOD STOUT WHIP AND A PAIR OF BRASS KNUCKLES, AND THAT'S ALL YOU GET.



HAUNTED

#### Assets

OFFICE BOY: Guy in front says can you let him have some of th' back alimony you owe his wife! He's just back from th' honeymoon trip, and he needs it!

PARKE: Not a day goes by but we ought to make somebody happy.

Lane (satirically): Well, what did you do yesterday, for example?

"I kissed my wife."



THE PLUMP ONE COMPLAINS THAT THE MODERN FASHIONS MAKE ALL WOMEN TOO MUCH ALIKE



**APRIL** 6, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 6

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



SOME things go on normally.
Earth turns completely over once a day, and is believed to

be making her usual progress 'round the sun, though spring halts in her response to it. There has been an exhibition fight between two eminent heavyweights, and a great deal about it in the papers. That was normal. A poison case in New York for days took up the best part of first-page space in most of our journals. That was normal. But the rest of the news and of the talk has been all of war, rumors of war, preparations for war, which isn't quite normal, according to old standards, though normality is only a habit, and habits form and harden a good deal in twenty months.

At this writing our adventure in Mexico is still a gamble, and a subject of hourly offerings of contradictory information. We read that General Pershing's force gets on very well with the Carranza troops, and then that Herrera has gone over to Villa, and again that he hasn't, and again that he has. We have the assurance of various authorities on the Mexican disposition that we are in for a fight with all the Mexicans. The San Francisco Argonaut, for example, which claims to know Mexico and mourns for Huerta, thought on March 18th that by an insult to the United States Villa had probably found the means of reestablishing his ascendancy, not only over Carranza, but over all other revolutionary rivals." As late as March 26th this ascendancy still lagged, and a fair-sized

force of rumors favored belief that Pershing, with Carranza assistance, would get him.

However, Mexico at present is a fair field for all soothsayers. Whether the exercises there are little or big, short or long, they come at an excellent time to promote our improvement in the military art. Merely the effort to start five thousand troops over the border has advertised the primitive and inadequate equipment of our military flying squadron. The machines are not powerful enough for war. They are merely powerful enough for Congress. And so it is, more or less, with everything else in our army and in our navy. Both have been strong enough for Congress. Neither is nearly strong enough for war. We had a flurry of preparation in '98, and we have rested mostly ever since, until the whole art of modern war seems to have passed us on the road. Villa, though he needs killing for his many sins, is a spirited and enterprising person, and has done what he could with very limited means to bring us to a sense of our deficiencies. We ought to be obliged to him, notwithstanding his motives are so questionable and to bag him is such a mean job.



NOBODY derides the peace talk in Europe. Just as there is "good buying" or "good selling" in Wall Street, so this peace talk seems to be regarded as good talking. A few months ago all the hard thinking was directed to prosecuting the war. Most of it is still so engaged, but now, in intervals of that duty, there is hard thinking about how the war may be brought to an end.

We don't know much about the inside of Germany. The laying off of Von Tirpitz is felt to have been considerably significant. There is a story that the Admiral is used up in mind and body. There is a story that the Kaiser is a dying man. There may be nothing in either of these tales, but we can believe, and do, that Germany is not enjoying the war; that the German people are asking many questions and thinking many thoughts; that the war-party has not made good and feels its power crumbling, and that an opposition to it is rising which presently will insist on peace.

Meanwhile there goes on the see-saw around Verdun, liable to be varied any moment by cruptions somewhere else on the western front, a big raid of Zeppelins on London or Paris, a naval battle in the North Sea, or possibly a German drive into Holland. Somebody has been sinking Dutch ships of late. What for? Would it be convenient for Germany at this stage to have Holland declare war? Holland must be asking herself if that is the German purpose. Sis-s-s-boom-ah!!! says the rocket. It looks as if the war was getting into the "ah" stage. There was a man who declared it was worth while to have smoked cigarettes because of the great benefit he got by stopping. So of Europe and the war, and especially of Germany.



WHAT does it mean that the girls hereabouts show so much interest in preparation for war? One hears of them taking training courses in hospitals and organizing for work of various kinds. One reads letters in the papers from women urging military preparation. Is it merely that more



The Poor Little Rich Boy in his heartrending skit entitled "Nobody Loves A Fat Man"

women than men have leisure to employ themselves with emergency tasks, and that some of them are using it in an effort to make the country safer?

If the country is not safe, the women in it are not safe, and they do well to bestir themselves. Some of them are stirring up their congressmen. That is proper and timely. If the women are anxious about national defense their congressmen ought to know it. A great power of organized action has been developed in this country by the suffrage agitation. Women have organized for the suffrage and also against it. They have learned how to give political expression to their wishes. If they feel uneasy they are fully warranted in making their voices heard.

In our opinion they have reason to feel uneasy. In our opinion the country is not safe. It is not carrying an amount of insurance suitable to the particularly perilous times in which

we live. We are not on the brink of destruction. Our distance from Europe is an immense safeguard. But even allowing for that, we are entirely too destitute of trained, organized and equipped defenders. We shall not get even the moderate defensive organization we owe to ourselves until the country is thoroughly waked up to the need of it. To wake the country up on such a subject as this is quite as properly a woman's job as a man's job. Our men are not now properly prepared to defend our women. If they were called to that duty they wouldn't know how to go about it. It is time they learned, and they will learn the quicker if the women make it their business to prod them up to it.



X/E have before us not only a duty of preparation for war, but of preparation for peace. When Germany finds that she cannot conquer the world by military means she will settle down to an effort to beat and acquire it by superior efficiency. She was well along in that effort when her idiotic military party kicked over the kettle of fish by bringing on the war. When the war stops she will get at it again. Lord Haldane warned England the other night to be more afraid of the engine for conquest in peace time that the Germans were preparing than of their military machines. The most modern form of school, he said, was to be extended over the whole empire, a work school rather than a book school, to train the German youth in special skilled trades to beat competitors throughout the world.

Schooling is probably in for searching revision in all the competitive countries after the war. The war has waked up the countries that are in it enormously, and increased their per capita power of production. Our country will have its hands full to keep pace with them, and in that competition we may get our share of the results of the war. If we rise to it, it will do us good. If we don't, we shall be eaten up.

### · LIFE ·







THE SONG OF THE BIGGEST GUN

### Aunts

By E. V. Lucas

HE story is told that an English soldier, questioned as to his belief in the angels of Mons, replied how could he doubt it, when they came so close to him that he recognized his aunt among them? People, hearing this, laugh; but had the soldier said that among the heavenly visitants he had recognized his mother or his sister, it would not be funny at all. Suggestions of beautiful affection and touching death-beds would then have been evoked and our sentimental chords played upon. But the word aunt at once turns it all to comedy. Why is this?

I cannot answer this question. The reasons go back too far for me; but the fact remains that it has been decided that when not tragic, and even sometimes when tragic, aunts are comic. Not so comic as mothers-in-law, of course; not invariably and irremediably comic; but provocative of mirth and irreverence. Again, I say, why? For, taken one by one, aunts are sensible, affectionate creatures; and our own experience of them is usually serious enough; they are often very like their sisters (our mothers) or their brothers (our fathers), and often, too, they are mothers themselves. Yet the status of aunt is always fair game to the humorist; and especially so when she is the aunt of somebody else.

That the word uncle has frivolous connotations is natural, for slang has employed it to comic ends. But an aunt advances nothing on personal property; an aunt is not the public resort of the temporarily financially embarrassed. No nephew Tommy was ever exhorted to make room for his aunt, a lady, indeed, who figures in comic songs far more rarely than grandparents do and is not prominent on the farcical stage. One cannot, therefore, blame the dramatists for the great aunt joke, nor does it seem, on recalling what novels I can with aunts prominently in them, to be the creation of the novelists. Dickens has very few aunts and these are not notorious. Betsy Trotwood, David Copperfield's aunt, though brusque and eccentric, was otherwise eminently sane and practical. Mr. F.'s aunt was more according to pattern, and Miss Rachel Wardle even more so; but the comic aunt idea did not commend itself to Dickens whole-heartedly. Fiction, as a rule, has supported the theory that aunts are sinister. Usually, they adopt the children of their dead sisters and are merciless to them. Often they tyrannize over a household. The weight of the novelists is in favor of the aunts as anything but comic. There are exceptions, of course, and that fine, vivid figure, the "Aunt Anne" of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, stands forth triumphant among the charming; while Sir Willoughby Patterne's twittering choruses are nearer the aunts of daily life. But even they were nigher pathos than ridicule.

I believe that that wicked military wag, Captain Harry Graham, has done more than most to keep that poor lady, the aunt, in the pillory. This kind of thing from his "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes" does a lot of mischief:

In the drinking well
Which the plumber built her
Aunt Eliza fell.
We must buy a filter.

How can aunts possibly survive such subtle attacks as that? And again:

I had written to Aunt Maud, Who was traveling abroad, When I heard she died from cramp, Just too late to save the stamp.

Supposing that the verse had begun:

I had written Cousin Maud

it would have lost enormously. There must be something comic in aunts after

LIFE



A JAMAICAN EASTER BONNET

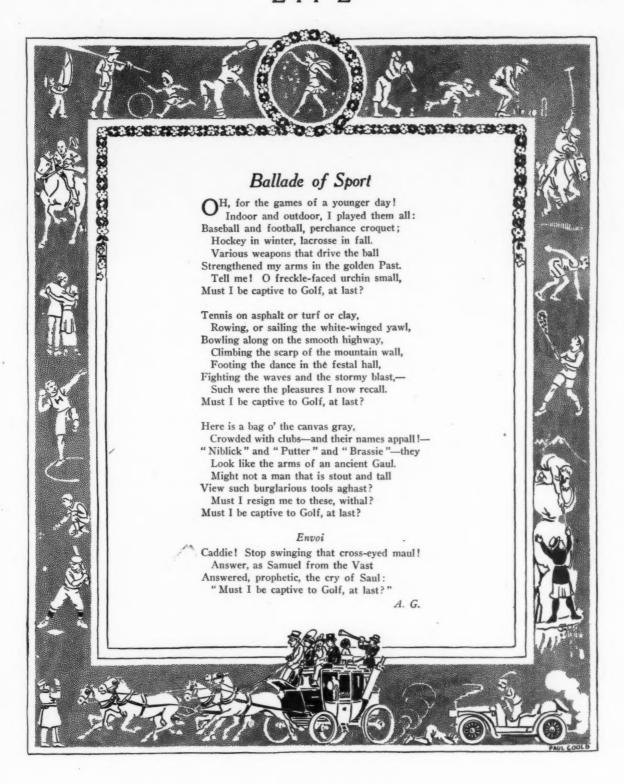




The Surrender of Winter



"POOR JOHN! I KNEW HE COULDN'T STAND THIS ASTRAL PACE"





### Another Instalment of Shakespeare



IT may be deemed sacrilege or high treason to accuse the revered Shakespeare of having written farce, but he surely came

near it in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." He certainly was not aiming at the high-brows of his own time or ours when he drew Falstaff, his humors, his primitive wit and his farcical escapades. But even farcical material enriched by Shakespeare's genius and embowered as is "The Merry Wives" in

the heart of the writer's beloved England, is not for low-brows only. In it will be found appeal to all tastes, which may account for its popularity with audiences that have none or small liking for others of Shakespeare's dramas that bear more clearly the stamp of greatness.



In the settings of Mr. Hackett's present production Mr. Urban has been content to lay aside to a considerable extent his eccentricities of color and construction, with the result that he gives us some very delightful interiors and exteriors of the Tudor period in rural England. One innovation, however picturesque in itself and effective as a setting, is something of a handicap. The usual stage centre is shifted to the top of an arched bridge several feet above the stage level and quite a distance from the footlights. American actors are none too expert in getting Shakespearian meanings to their audiences, and this increase of distance between them and their hearers adds to the indistinctness of many important lines. Its less frequent use would also less often raise the question in the spectator's mind of why the characters should take the long way over the bridge to get from point to point when there is a very obvious short-cut across the apron.

On Falstaff's broad shoulders rest mostly the fun and the effectiveness of "The Merry Wives." Mr. Hackett had planned in this production to assume the rôle which gave his father his greatest fame, but illness made it necessary to substitute Mr. Thomas A. Wise in the part of the amorous knight. Mr. Wise gains by the opportunity a long step in his career. In voice he lacks the fatness that he shows in build and bearing, but this may well be forgiven for the increased clearness of his delivery. Viola Allen and Henrietta Crosman sufficiently differentiate the wives and give them the charm of coquetry and personal good looks, but one could readily forgive both ladies if they interpreted the merriment of the wives less physically and with less constant movement of arms and other

limbs. The minor rôles, notably the Mistress Quickley of Annie Hughes and Mr. Ford of Mr. Orrin Johnson, are filled with picturesqueness and reasonable competence.

This second instalment in the tercentenary revivals is broadly enjoyable in its material and is sufficiently well done to mark it a worthy American contribution to the third century mark in Shakespeare's immortality.

THE Washington Square Players have not only achieved financial success in their remote little theatre on the East Side, but are going to strive for wider fame by a road tour to outlying cities. By way of marking the end of their second season they have produced a new bill of playlets which in contrasts of material follows their customary bill of fare—a bit of gruesomeness to begin with, then a bit of modern frivolity, this followed by a little play in serious vein, and the whole topped off by a primitive farce from the fifteenth-century French.

It is rather a notable accomplishment that in our commercial city an organization like this should have been able to survive so long. Its accomplishments have been entirely along lines of its own selection and wholly independent of the methods of the commercial theatre. It has followed artistic rather than popular ideals, and apparently is not the least bit ashamed of its own crudities. The experiment is animated with the enthusiasm of youth, and it has been crowned with the success of having found a paying public. It can hardly be said to have gone very far ahead of its earliest efforts, although the members of the company have gained something of the smoothness that goes with self-confidence.

As yet the Washington Square Players are in the formative state, from the point of view of important artistic accomplishment. There seems to be a wise hand at the helm, and the organization may be building for an important future.



TWENTY-FIVE years is a long time in the life of a modern play. In that time "My lord, the carriage waits" has become obsolete, and instead we must have "The motor is at



MR. THOMAS A. WISE AS " FALSTAFF "



VIOLA ALLEN AS "MISTRESS FORD," MR. ORRIN JOHNSON AS "MR. FORD," AND HENRIETTA CROSMAN AS "MISTRESS PAGE"

the door, my lord." Instead of a character with no other function than to listen to the unfolding of some important part of the plot, we have to use a onesided telephone conversation for the same purpose, if we are to be dramatically up

In turning "The Idler" of the last century into "The Great Pursuit" of today Mr. Haddon Chambers has been mindful of these advances in his art. He has also modernized his slang with revivifying effect.

With the exception of Marie Tempest, petite and piquant as ever, and Jeanne Eagels, a slender and very attractive ingénue, the company is built rather on the heavy dragoon order with such men of stature as Messrs. Bruce McRae, Montagu Love and Charles Cherry. In such company the size of Phyllis Neilson-Terry is offset, although by comparison she seems physically out of training. It would be of advantage to her future on the stage if she would leave it for half a year or so and take a course of exercises to harden her flesh and muscles and stiffen up her spine. She is young enough to spare the time to redeem herself from her present slouchiness and pulpy physique.

"The Great Pursuit" still bears marks of another era, but it is interesting and clever, and is very well acted in its present production. Metcalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE B

Astor.—"Cohan's Revue 1916." Unusually clever burlesques of the season's successes at other theatres strung on a very good girland-music show.

Bandbox.—The Washington Square Players.

New bill of playlets. See above.

Belasco. — "The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Some of the vagaries of medical practice made amusing in a witty and delightfully staged comedy.

Booth,—"Pay Day," by Lottie M. Meaney and Oliver D. Bailey. Curious and rather amusing combination of moving-picture meth-ods with an elementary melodrama.

Candler. - John Galsworthy's "Justice." Notice later.

Casino. — "The Blue Paradise." Comic operetta, Viennese style, tuneful, well done and with a rather novel plot for this kind of entertainment.

Cohan's.—Mizzi Hajos in "Pom-Pom."
Very much more than usually amusing comic operetta, staged and performed with considerable evidence of brains.

Comedy.—"The Fear Market," by Amélie Rives. Drama based on a case of journalistic blackmail well known in New York, cleverly written and acted.

Cort.—"The Blue Envelope," by Messrs. Hatch and Homans. Farce along familiar lines and somewhat amusing.

Criterion .- "The Merry Wives of Wind-See above.

Ellinge. — "Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. Vastly amusing farce getting its fun out of the delicate handling of the rather dangerous topic of alcoholic overindulgence.

Empire.—"Rio Grande," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street. — Moving-picture ver-on of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." Notice later.

Forty-eighth Street.—" Just a Woman," by Mr. Eugene Walter. Intensely dramatic scenes introduced into a narrative based on the difficulties that may arise in a household to which wealth comes too suddenly.

Fulton.—Mr. Brandon Tynan's play, "The Melody of Youth," with the author as star. Amusing and romantic Irish comedy, well acted and well staged.

Gaiety.—Mrs. Fiske in "Erstwhile Susan," by Marian de Forest. The talented comedienne in an entirely new line of work with life among the Pennsylvania Dutch as a novel background.

Globe.—Pavlowa in moving picture of "The Mute of Portici." Notice later.

Harris.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Humorous and amusing treatment of prohibition and religious revivalism worked as a means of extracting money from the devout and gullible.

Hippodrome. — "Hip-Hip-Hooray." Ice skating, ballet, spectacle and vaudeville fea-tures brilliantly displayed on the big stage.

Hudson.—" The Cinderella Man," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Pleasant little sen-

timental comedy, very agreeably done.

Knickerbocker. — Weekly-changing bill of moving-picture plays with well-known legitimate actors in the leading rôles.

Longare.—" The Great Lover," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and Leo Ditrichstein. Life among the grand-opera artists made into most amusing and well-acted comedy.

Lyceum.—"The Heart of Wetona," by Mr. George Scarborough. Indian trimmings auccessfully applied to what might otherwise be a conventional sex melodrama.

Lyric.—" Katinka." Pleasant comic oper-ta, conventional but agreeably done.

Maxine Elliott's. - "See America First."

Notice later.

New Amsterdam.—"Henry the Eighth," produced by Sir Herbert Tree. Rather tame acting of a spectacular rendering of one of the least interesting of Shakespeare's historic

Playhouse.—Grace George and her excel-lent company in Shaw's comedy, "Captain Brassbound's Confession." Notice later.

Princess.—"Very Good, Eddie." The farce "Over Night" made into a pleasantly amusing girl-and-music show.

Punch and Judy. — "Treasure Island." Picturesque mounting and clever acting of good stage version of Stevenson's much read pirate story.

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead. The much presented theme of the injustice of the double standard of sex morals made the basis of a well-acted and interesting drama.

Shubert. — "The Great Pursuit," by C. Haddon Chambers. See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Lou-Tellegen in "A King of Nowhere," by J. and L. Macpherson. Romantic comedy with the star in a pictureque rôle and a clever new presentation of the later days of Henry VIII.

the later days of Henry VIII.

Winter Garden.—"Robinson Crusoe, Jr.,"
with Mr. Al Jolson as the featured comedian.
Joy for the t. b. m. in the way of rag-time, chorus-girls unlimited in number, limited in garments, and plenty of the other stage attractions that delight his intellect.

Ziegfeld's Frolic. — Pleasant diversion in the way of food, drink and cabaret enter-tainment for folks who are too cowardly to face a bed between midnight and dawn.



INFERNO

### Life Sues for the Children

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 21.—Alleging that \$7,500 has been withheld by the Branchville Fresh Air Association, Attorney-General Hinman has brought action against the association on behalf of the Life Publishing Company of New York. Papers were served to-day.

It is claimed by President Mitchell of Life that since 1887 the company has maintained a fresh air fund and has kept a farm in Branchville known as Life's Farm, where children from New York are sent each summer. Edwin Gilbert, a Ridgefield manufacturer, donated the seventeen-acre farm to the fresh air fund, and when he died in 1906 he left three hundred shares of the Gilbert & Bennett Manufacturing Company stock, the dividends from which were to be used to help the farm.

The Branchville association was named as trustee of the fund, and it is claimed that dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. annually have been piling up. The amount of dividends now is said to be \$7,500, but the Life company claims the Branchville association has refused to turn over this money.

Attorney-General Hinman asks the court to order an accounting and also asks that the Branchville association be removed as trustee.—Press Dispatch to the New York Sun.

LIFE is simply trying to compel the trustees of the Branchville Association to use the funds intended by Mr. Gilbert for the benefit of poor children for that purpose instead of letting the money accumulate in their own hands.

### Something Wrong

"DID Billy's chauffeur run off with his daughter or his wife?"

"I'm not sure. But I understand that he said the other day he hadn't been so happy in years."

"Then it couldn't have been his daughter."



Experienced Traveler: HAS MY TRUNK ARRIVED, SIR? "YES. THERE IT IS. IT CAME AHEAD OF YOU." "GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS HEAVEN INDEED!"

### **Fools**

By G. K. Chesterton

THINK I have written somewhere else (or perhaps I only dreamt it) the real and self-evident answer to Carlyle's phrase that men are mostly fools. The clear and Christian answer is that they are all fools, including Carlyle. There is in this attitude no indignity to his genius, but merely the admission of the flaws in the dignity of a man. The man who called employers "captains of industry." was (for the moment) a fool. He might as well have called some commercial traveler traveling in a threestar brandy "a knight-errant of the stars." It is using the old military romance about somebody who has no real authority and who runs no real risk. The man who wrote of Napoleon's triumphs that they were "rodomontade and vulturous Dick-Turpinism" was (for the moment) a fool. The man who said that the Jesuits "called in the Devil to help God" was (for the moment) a fool. The man who talked of Shelley as Carlyle did was (for the moment) a fool-a greater fool even than Shelley. The man who said that Newman had the wits of a rabbit, had (for the moment) wits inferior to those of a rabbit. But it would be utterly unjust to allege the imbecility of these attacks, if only because we could easily find similar imbecilities in the persons attacked. Nothing, even in Carlyle, is so silly as Shelley's message to his abandoned wife. Nothing, even in Carlyle, is so rabbit-witted as Newman's fear of the democracy of Daniel O'Connell. No; there is no inequality between them; there is no inequality between them and us. We are all fools. And the equality of men is assured.

But when we come down from this lofty but level table-land of pure folly upon which we all stand, we come upon secondary and varying uses of the beautiful and sacred title, which are applicable only to particular types, and which require careful handling. (All fools require careful handling, even by the police. They are frequently very brave.) But the ideal or perfect fool, as he appears in the Bible and all the best human literature, is not to be confused with the idea of mere absence of very striking intelligence. A man's mind may be very simple, or very slow, or covering a very small number of facts and functions, but it may be a most reliable and lasting machine for the work he has to do, and the man is not a fool, any more than a bee is a fool, or a beaver is a fool. It is



"HENRY, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT?"
"WELL, ER-LET ME SEE IT FROM THE BACK."



WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE
READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—FOR THE USUAL NAMES SEE ANY SOCIETY PAPER

essential to the true traditional fool that there is something wrong with him. He is not dumb as a tree is dumb; he is dumb as a deaf man may be dumb. He is not stone-deaf, that is, deaf like a stone; he is rather what they call tone-deaf; that is, he cannot help hearing things, and cannot help hearing them wrong. He is not sand-blind, or as blind as sand; rather he is blind drunk, something in his head, which is as abnormal as gin, prevents him seeing. The shrewdest, and certainly the funniest, little essay on fools can be found in the Book of Proverbs, and it dwells very definitely on this indescribable idea of obstruction and obsession. "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." "Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly." The type is fierce and terrible; something almost like a demoniac. And this is profoundly true, for however physically slow or socially smooth the true fool may be, there is always a rabidity in his unreasonableness, in his refusal to consider anyone else's position or to reconsider his own. And this is due to a really philosophic cause which the Bible also grasped; that he does not, au fond, believe there is any right or wrong in things at all. He feels that his habits shall prevail over the habits of other animals. He has (Continued on page 665)



"HAROLD! YOU MUSTN'T STRIKE YOUR FATHER WHEN HE'S ASLEEP."

"BUT, MOTHER, I'M A SUBMARINE,"



THE OLD WOMAN OF THE SEA ALIAS J. D.

### By Adoption

SCENE: An apartment; disclosing two young people, Tess and Bob, fifteen and seventeen, brother and sister, alone in the world, their wealthy parents having been divorced. Their mother is dead, their father a debauché. Their property, left them by their mother, is in the hands of a trustee. Time, four P. M.

Tess: They ought to be here now. I almost wish we hadn't done it.

Bob: It was your idea.

Tess: Well, shouldn't we have a father and mother if we want one? People adopt babies, and if one has money one can get almost anything.

Bob (moodily): I wonder if the trustee will mind?

Tess: Certainly not. He believes in fathers and mothers. I heard him say so. Let's see the advertisement again. Oh, I'm so excited! (Bob, still moody, hands her the paper. She reads.)

"WANTED: To adopt by two young people, brother and sister,—

Bob: You might have left me out of it. It was your idea.

Tess: Certainly not. (Continues.)

"—a father and mother. Must be cultured and refined, in easy circumstances, not divorced from each other and living happily together."

(The bell rings.)

Bob: There they are. You see 'em.
Tess: What shall I say? No, you
must be here, too. How shall I begin?
Bob (gloomily): I don't know. You
got me into this. I don't believe I want
a father and mother after all.

Tess: But you said you did. Of

course you do! (A well-dressed man and woman enter, both smiling.)

The Woman: We couldn't help but answer your unusual advertisement. This is my husband. We've been alone in the world so long now, no kiddies of our own, and when I read it, I was much touched and interested. But I thought you were little children.

Bob (proudly): I'm going to college next year.

The Woman: Tell me just what your idea was in writing such an advertisement.

Tess: Well, Bob and I have often wanted a father and mother. We thought if people adopted babies we might do the same thing.

The Woman: How charming! My husband didn't want to come. He said it was impractical and foolish!

Tess: Oh! Bob didn't like it either. We might not get on. Would we have to — mind you?

The Woman: Why, no. Of course not! No children mind their parents nowadays. That is what makes such an arrangement as the one you propose so delightful.

Tess: I rather like you. Bob!

Bob: I laid him down all right, when he gave me a punch in the jaw—one of those uppercuts.

The Man: I know-

Bob: Then I kicked him and they ruled me out.

The Man: They ought to.

Bob (gloomily): That's what you get-

Tess: Bob! What do you say?
The Man: I'm going to be honest

with you. My wife dragged me in here against my judgment. But it may be another case of her always being right. Now let's talk business. We might see each other a good deal and find out if we all get along: Then we could try it. It just means living together—all of us. We want young people. You want parents. What do you say? Let's try it.

II

(One year later. A resort. Two old friends, a college professor and a prominent author, are talking earnestly together in a seat near the tennis court.)

The Professor: Don't you agree with me that, after all, most of the evils of our present-day civilization can be traced back to the home?

The Author: Unquestionably. Parents no longer control their children; children no longer acknowledge or obey their parents. But there are exceptions. See those people playing tennis?

The Professor: You mean that father and son?

The Author: I do, indeed.

The Professor: Well, those people all get along perfectly. No coercion—perfect discipline. They all seem to obey each other. Mother and daughter are like sisters. Father and son like chums. Can't make them out. Do you know them?

The Author (enthusiastically): Oh, yes. I also have been wonderfully impressed. It's astonishing. Revives one's faith in this great country. (The tennis game stops. Bob and his "father" approach.)

The Professor: We were just saying that you two are an inspiration. And your sister and mother! A perfect family. The only one I ever saw in this country. Do you ever have differences?

The "Father" (smiling): Never! The Author: How do you account for it?

Bob: Easy!

The Professor \ (eagerly): Tell us!

Bob: Well, you see, we get along so well together—the four of us—because we don't happen to be members of the same family.



THE SATURDAY BEFORE EASTER AT THE HOME OF KING SOLOMON



Enthusiastic Girl: ISN'T THIS JUST THE LOVELIEST PARTY?

Blasé Boy: It'd be o. k. if the music wasn't so punk, 'cos the grub isn't bad, what

there is of it, and the floor's good enough in spots, and the dames aren't so worse, only

they dance as if their steering gear was on the blink.

### The Public Conscience

A MINISTER from the West said the other day that "the public conscience has been awakened until now it is aroused." This is interesting, but what is the source of this gentleman's information?

Without in any way denying that the public has a conscience, where does that conscience repose and how can it be observed? Is it observable on Fifth Avenue on any particular day—Easter, perhaps—or at any particular time of day? Is it observable on Broadway either before or after dark? Is it observable on Wall Street or in the slums? In the subway, the elevated or the surface cars?

Is it more manifest in New York, Chicago or San Francisco, in the country or in the city, in the newspapers, in the theatre, or at the movies? Or must one seek the public conscience in the churches where the public is not to be found? Let us be governed neither by faith nor by scepticism. Let us get at the facts.

### Poor Child!

"WHAT a lot of baby-foods there are these days!"
"Yes, it is a wise child that knows his own fodder these times."



"WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO GET THAT THING TATTOOED ON"

### LIFE



FUTURIST SUBURBANITES AT TRAIN TIME

### Those Easter Belles

THOSE Easter belles! Those Easter belles!

How many a tale their headgear tells! Of forests ravaged by bloody thieves;

Of bodies dropping like autumn leaves; Of scalps torn roughly from wounded backs;

Of dripping plumes in heaping stacks; Of babies, reft of parental care,

Doomed to perish in dark despair;

Of merciless deeds—could you behold, 'Twould make your woman's blood run cold—

Wounded victims, securely bound, Placed as decoys on the reeking ground—

Hear their agonizing cries, As ants devour their living eyes! These are the tales those feathers tell That deck the head of the Easter belle.

Henry Oldys.

### A Crying Need

WHY not have trained Presidents? Does it not seem ridiculous that the highest offices in the land should be occupied by so many who are so unfitted for them, while no one is permitted to engage in the humblest of them without preliminary training?

A plumber has to be trained; so do a carpenter, a stenographer, a school-teacher, a doctor and a telephone operator. If we have trained nurses, why not trained Congressmen? If trained Congressmen, why not a trained President?

There ought to be a training-school for future government officials, where they could be trained from youth to be honest, to mind their own business, and in the etiquette and form of their surroundings. There would be no more lawyers then trying to run the government. This alone would pay for the school.

No man can be a postman without passing a civil-service examination why not a President?

Why not a Congressman?

Our Congressmen and Senators ought to be able to read and write, anyway.

As for our Presidents of the future,

think of what a gain there would be if they were subjected to a preliminary training. A school for Presidents could be placed under the charge of our ex-Presidents. This would keep them from making speeches and writing for the magazines. "WHERE are you going to spend your vacation?"

"In Europe."

"Europe! Why, my dear fellow, that's awful."

"I had to choose between that and an American summer resort."



ANTHEM

"SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE"



# CHANDLER SIX

If you want to experiment—If you want to try out some new theory of motor construction—You won't be interested in the Chandler.

BUT if you want a motor that has in it three years of making good,

If you want the motor that turned the whole automobile industry away from high-priced sixes and wasteful heavy fours,

If you want the strong, sturdy chassis that showed men the folly of needless weight,

If you want the solid aluminum motor base, and Bosch magneto ignition, and the silent spiral bevel rear

axle, and Gray & Davis starting and lighting, and a dozen other of the highest class features at the lowest obtainable price, and

If you want

The Most Beautiful of All the New Motor Car Bodies,

You will be interested in the Chandler.

This isn't argument, or persuasion, or contention. It's just a simple, provable fact.

Seven-Passenger Touring Car - \$1295 Four-Passenger Roadster - \$1295

The New Chandler Catalogue illustrates the New Big Touring Car, the Four-Passenger Roadster, other body types and all mechanical features fully. If you do not know your Chandler dealer write us today.





### Table of Comparison

To instill into the mind of his son sound wisdom and business precepts was Cohen senior's earnest endeavor. He taught his offspring much, including the advantages of bankruptcy, failures, and fires. "Two bankruptcies equal one fail ure, two failures equal one fire," etc. Then Cohen junior looked up brightly.

"Fadder," he asked, "is marriage a failure?"

"Vell, my poy," was the parent's reply, "if you marry a really wealthy woman, marriage is almost as good as a failure." -Tit-Bits.

"WHAT are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son.

"I hope you will be very attentive and practise constantly," said the mother. "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye." -Kansas City Star.



DON'T BUY A NEW CAR UNTIL YOU HAVE TESTED ITS CARRYING CAPACITY

ANZAC LIEUTENANT: The Turks are as thick as peas. What shall we do? ANZAC CAPTAIN: Shell them, you idiot, shell them !-Tit-Bits.

### What's in a Name?

"Your daughter," said Mrs. Oldcastle, after being conducted through the newly furnished wing of the magnificent palace occupied by the new-rich Bullingtons, has such a splendid vocabulary."
"Do you think so?" her hostess re-

plied. "Josiah wanted to get her one of them escritoires, but I made up my mind right at the start that a vocabulary would look better in a room furnished like hers, even if it didn't cost quite so much."

-Toronto Globe.

### The Intelligent Cat

Two suburban gardeners were swearing vengeance on cats.

"It appears to me," one said, "that they seem to pick out your choicest plants to scratch out of the ground."

"There's a big tomcat," the other said, that fetches my plants out and then sits and actually defies me."

"Why don't you hurl a brick at him?" asked the first speaker.

"That's what makes me mad," was the reply. "I can't. He gets on top of my greenhouse to defy me."

-London Opinion.

"WE have such good news from the front! Dear Charles is safely wounded at last."-Rogue.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

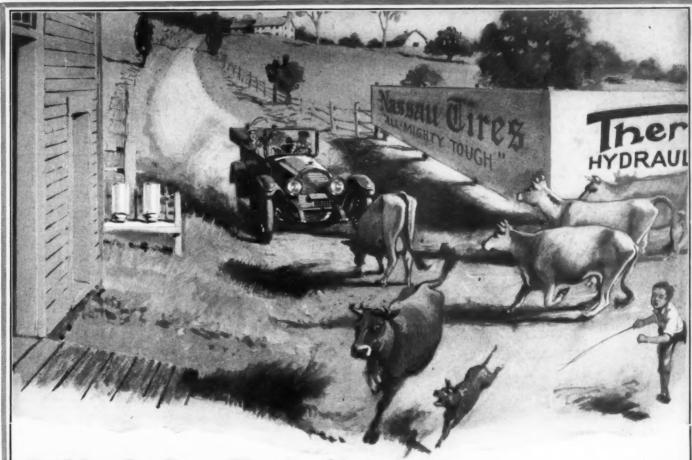
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**Bad for the Cows, You Say?** 

That's true. You may have to pay for it—that is, if you live to face a farmers' jury. It seems incredible that, with much at stake, men who own cars or have trucks running around will take chances by buying any old kind of brake lining. Perhaps the only time they think about it is when they're in a pinch—in danger—and the brake lining doesn't grip. Friction—friction, but there is no friction. Now try the other way—equip your car with

# Thermoid HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED COM

Brake Lining-100%

Thermoid is all friction—100% friction—from surface to surface—through and through—all friction.

That's the kind of Brake Lining that will grip and hold your car.

Thermoid is made of high grade longfibre Canadian Asbestos, spun on brass wire. Woven into cloth, thoroughly impregnated with a friction compound, folded, stitched, then hydraulically compressed into one single solid mass. Thermoid has "body"— substance—wearing qualities. It's there with the friction until it is worn to paper thinness. Tell your

supply or garage man you must have Thermoid.

Our Guarantee: Thermoid will make good or we will.

### Thermoid Rubber Company

Trenton, N. J.

Makers of Nassau Tires and Thermoid Radiator Hose, Garden Hose, etc.



### The Proposal

He was a morbid youth and a nervous lover. Often had he wished to tell the maiden how he longed to make her all his own. Again and again had his nerve failed him. But to-night there was a "do-or-die" look in his eye.

They started for their usual walk, and rested awhile upon his favorite seata gravestone in the village churchyard. A happy inspiration seized him. "Maria," he said in trembling accents-" Maria! When you die-how should you like to be buried here with my name on the stone over you?"-London Opinion.

### BACARDI Makes The Perfect Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

"BREVITY is the soul of wit," observed

"Maybe," replied the fool, "but I never feel very witty when I am short."

-Milwaukee Sentinel.

### neutralizes perspiration odors

and other body odors; keeps body and clothing sweet from bath to bath. A comfort to women specially.

25c-sold by 9 out of 10 drug- and department-stores. MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia



### On the Gulf

When Alton Michael Packward asked the porter of the Great Southern at Gulfport, Miss.: "Is that the Gulf of Mexico?" the porter replied: "Only a po'shun of it, sah."—Lyceum Magazine.

Том: When you proposed to her I suppose she said, "This is so sudden!"

DICK: No; she was honest and said, "This suspense has been terrible."



William H. Walling, A.M., M.D. imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

way, in one volurie:
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Kedge a Young Woman Should Have.
Ledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Ledge a Mother Should Have.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
PURITAN PUB. CO., 797 PERRY BLDG., PHILA., PA.

-Boston Transcript.

### No Fussy Housekeeper

"Ah see yo' is housecleanin'," said Mrs. Snow White.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Marsh Green, "dey is nothin' lak' movin' things 'round once in awhile. Why, I des come ercross a pair ob slippers under de bed dat Ah hadn't seen foh five yeahs."

-Dallas News.

The exquisite wines of Bordeaux, Clarets, Sauternes, shipped by Messrs. BARTON & GUESTIER, St Julien, Pontét Canét, Chateau Margaux, Chateau Leoville-Barton, Sauternes, Haut Sauternes, Chateau La Tour Blanche, Chateau Yquem (and many other brands), are available from the principal distributors in every principal city of the United States, and at principal hotels, restaurants and clubs. The brand "B. & G." means warranted quality.

"I HEARD Mr. Subburbs speaking most beautifully of his wife to another lady on the train just now. Rather unusual

"Not under the circumstances. That was a new cook he was escorting out."

-Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.

**NEW YORK** 

# Dioxogen

is perhaps the best mouth wash that can be used.

As harmless as water it cleans and purifies the mouth as nothing else; a good dentifrice, too.

A clean mouth is one of the best protections against epidemic colds.

> The Oakland Chemical Co. 10 Astor Place, N. Y.

in a man these days."

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made re delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, ts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Martial Law

IT is hereby moved, seconded and carried that the expression "martial law" be given a dishonorable discharge and that something more descriptive be found for situations referred to by the said misnomer. This action is supported by the best reason in the world-namely, that martial law is not law. It is anything else but

When a governor finds it is not to the interest of his influential friends to look kindly upon a law which other citizens want enforced, he is allowed in most of the states to settle the argument by substituting his own "say so," to sweep aside the whole body of carefully evolved laws and put into effect his own arbitrary notion, which derives its just powers from the ability of his soldiers to shoot straight.

We could call it martial anarchy or official anarchy or martial arbitrariness or martial makeshift or martial fiddlesticks or martial most anything at all but martial law.

An Arkansas man who intended to take up a homestead claim in a neighboring state sought information in the matter from a friend.

"I don't remember the exact wording of the law," said the latter, "but I can give ye the meanin' of it all right. It's like this: The government of the United States is willin' to bet one hundred and sixty acres of land against fourteen dollars that ye can't live on it five years without starvin' to death."-Argonaut.



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Of excellent quality Pan-ama handwoven in fine tight weave under the at-ary for the production of mospheric conditions necessary for the product the finest hats procurable, ready to wear under ready to wear in the same condition and the ready to wear in the same condition and the weavers, and may be shaped and trimmed yourself. Sold with the Vantine assurance of satisfaction or the refund of the price paid. Price, delivered free to your home

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**JEWELRY** OF THE FINEST QUALITY SILVERWARE SUBSTANTIAL IN WEIGHT

> INTELLIGENT AND CAREFUL SERVICE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET **NEW YORK** 



Mother's Voice: BOBBY, WILL YOU PLEASE DO SOMETHING TO GET BABY TO STOP CRYING-GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH



# CRÊME

For Smart Desserts

Violet in colour and taste -Creme Yvette desserts are the most original and pleasing ones of the day. Serve the favorite desserts of famous chefs in your home—at afternoon receptions, luncheons or dinners. These violet desserts may be made in a score of ways.

### Three Delightful Surprises for Your Guests

Mr. Louis Seres of the Biltmore has been very gracious to give us three very popular "Creme Yvette" recipes as originated by him:

FRENCH PANCAKE YVETTE: One-half pound flour, 2 eggs, one-half pint milk, a little melted butter, a few drops vanilla flavor. Melt a little butter in frying pan and spread out a very thin coat of the butter. With one-fourth pound soft sweet butter mix slowly one ounce of "Creme Yvette" and a poney glass of Kirsch. Spread some of this mixture over a very hot pancake and sprinkle powdered sugar over. Eat at once.

STRAWBERRY CUP YVETTE: Mix two ounces of "Creine Yvette" with one quart of vanilla ice cream. Fill some glass cups with it, lay over some ripe strawberries.

Decorate with Chantilly flavored with "Creme Yvette" and a few candied violets.

> CREAM CUPS, French Style (6 cups): One pint of cream, three ounces of sugar, six yolks of eggs, mix all together, put in pan on the fire, stirring

it constantly, but when it comes to a boiling point take it off the fire and stir until cold; add then two ounces of "Creme Yvette," set in china cups and serve when very cold with small cakes.

Two Sizes—80c and \$1.50 per bottle. old by your fancy grocer or wine dealer. Vrite today for book of signed recipes y well-known chefs.

SHEFFIELD COMPANY New York 7th Ave. at 14th St.



"NOT A SHADOW OF A DOUBT"

### On the Bluff

BLUE above us the tender sky, Blue before us the summer sea, And blue were the eyes of the summer girl,

And tender, too, when she looked at me.

"Just over there," and I turned my gaze

Away to the blue world's farthest

"We might build us a Castle in Spain," I said.

"A shining, fair castle no time can dim."

"Shall we build it at once," I playfully asked,

"In that lovely land far over the sea?"

"Why travel?" she said, and the blue eyes shone,

"This spot is lovely enough for

Mary Starbuck.

### Failure

FAILURE is the name given to those who have the reputation, with others, of not succeeding. To be a successful failure you must first be persuaded that you are one. The rest is then easy.

Failure is always uncertain. It cannot be relied upon. Just at the moment when you think it has come to stay, lo! it has changed into suc-

It is so unreliable in this respect that it is never safe to predict just what it will be the next day,



Copyright, 1916, The Acolian Company

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ue



# Final Wonder of the Phonograph

HEN some great master speaks music from his violin, he feels a greater joy even than your own, for you are—only a listener. Would you thrill to those music strains as he does, and feel a rapture, something, at least,

approaching his own?

Put a record of his into the Vocalion, that marvelous newest phonograph which allows you to play, yourself, if you wish. Press the wonderful Graduola device and give yourself up to the music!

Under your pressure comes harmony which responds to every shade of your music-feeling. Now it softens to a sigh of tender beauty. Now it swells till the contrast thrills with its very quality of life. With one record you feel the sensation of the violinist, and another a flutist, with a third a singer—and so on through all the joyous range of music beauty.

You are getting a pleasure never attained in phonographic art "till the Vocalion came." You are hearing these waves of swelling tone undulled, unmuffled; for new inventions in sound production and sound preservation have eliminated all tone-clouding, all metallic qualities. Thus you listen to vital, rounded tone-developments new to the phonograph, even while you are experiencing an indescribable music-joy by seeming to play each instrument itself.

Of course, you need not play the Vocalion—far from it. It will play of itself each record exactly as the record stands, if you prefer it that way. It will, however, voice richer, sweeter tones than have ever phonographically been produced before.

No! This device which allows you to vary a single record as often, and to whatever degree of stress, you wish, is but an added phonograph privilege, which the Vocalion only can give you.

The Aeolian-Vocalion is on exhibition and sale at the present only in a limited number of the leading music stores. Catalog and address of the nearest store will be sent upon request; also particulars as to arrangements for hearing the Aeolian-Vocalion in localities where it is not represented. Address Dept. B4.

### PRICES FROM \$35 TO \$2000

Conventional Styles \$35 to \$75 without the Graduola Conventional Styles \$100 to \$350 with the Graduola Art Styles \$575 to \$2000 Moderate Monthly Payments

### THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL

NEW YORK

Makers of the famous Pianola and largest manufacturers of musical instruments in the world.

### Housekeeping for Beginners

THE Joneses rented the Smiths' house for the summer.

Before the Joneses moved in, Mrs. Smith had the house cleaned.

She had four women and a vacuum cleaner working for four days.

Then Mrs. Jones moved in.

" My goodness!" she said, " such dirt I never saw!"

So she had the house cleaned,

She employed four women and a vacuum cleaner. They were the same women and the same vacuum cleaner.

"Now," said Mrs. Jones, "the place is fit to live in."

Three months later the Joneses' tenancy was up and they moved out.

"I must clean the place up," said Mrs. Jones before she left.

So she employed four women and a vacuum cleaner, and they worked four days.

Then Mrs. Smith moved in.

She took one look and raised her hands in horror.

"My gracious!" she said, "what dirt!"

So she employed four women and a vacuum cleaner and they worked four



OST men like efficiency in their personal belongings. That's why so many are

carrying Havone Cigarette Cases. It pleases a man to take his cigarette from a case that can be pulled from the pocket and opened

with one hand-to find his cigarettes—not tumbling about-but clean and straight, each in its own compartment.

He likes to offer his friends a smoke from so inviting a cigarette case.

Havone Cigarette Cases are made in Sterling Silver-plate, in Solid Sterling, 10K Gold and 14K Gold—Prices \$3.50 up.

The Havone is as readily filled as any ordinary cigarette case.

If your dealer hasn't stocked up on the HAVONE, send us \$3.50 and we will mail you one direct-either plain finished, or with monogram spot, or one of the all-over patterns. At any rate, send us your name on a post-card for one of our handsome catalogues.

HAVONE CORPORATION 21-23 Maiden Lane

New York



A wine that asks your favor because of its quality. Made in America for Americans. You cannot get a better champagne at any price.

### Insist on Having It

SPECIAL DRY and BRUT GOLD SEAL RED—the best Sparkling Burgundy on the Market

Sold Everywhere



days till the place was fit to sit down in. And they were still the same four women.

Dept. C,

Query, by a plain man who has often been moved to and fro and had to eat in the pantry while this kind of thing went on: What do these four women do anyway?

Moral. Nature abhors a vacuum cleaner. Stephen Leacock.

### Dangerous Tea Leaves

THE wealthy people in England are asked to save the tea leaves from which they have brewed tea, so that these may be dried and used by the poor for a second infusion. One can imagine what added pleasure the English yokel derives from his tea when he knows that Lord Ingoldsby or the Bishop of Ripon has already drunk from the same leaves. But what if a labor leader were to be inoculated by some left-over leaves that had been used by Lloyd-George?

"THE time, the place, and the girl are seldom found together.'

"True. The girl is usually half an hour late."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### THE GARDEN RECORD BOOK

By Harriet Pomeroy Thompson

A daily record (three successive years on a page), to enable the garden-lover to keep a memorandum of the weather, seeds, plants and bulbs planted and transplanted, first and last buddings and blooms, work done and notes recorded, etc.

necessity for the careful gardener, and a d welcome present for the garden-loving friend

Printed on good ledger paper, size 111/2 x 91/2, \$2.00 net.

E.P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



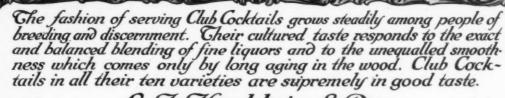
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Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25cat all druggists.



Free Trial Piedmont Red Cedar Chests protect furs and woolens from moths, mice, dust and damp-Finest wedding or birthday gift. 15 days' free trial. Write for 50 sage catalon with vadued









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### A Most Effective Mouth - Wash - Dentifrice

You cannot thoroughly protect your teeth against decay by polishing their front surfaces with powder or paste and neglecting the other surfaces.

Brush your teeth with Listerine—the liquid antiseptic; then thoroughly rinse the mouth with diluted Listerine.

This treatment will clean the front surfaces of your teeth, remove particles of food from between the teeth, and protect those tooth surfaces which the brush cannot cleanse.



### Listerine Has Many Uses

as a general household antiseptic-to prevent the infection of small cuts and wounds-for purposes of personal hygiene and in the care of children. These and other uses are described in an attractive booklet, lithographed and illustrated, which will be sent free upon request.

Listerine is sold everywhere in original packages-round bottles in brown wrappers.

Four Sizes: 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 Manufactured only by

Lambert Pharmacal Co. St. Louis, Mo.



What is the most potent cause of drunkenness?

Floating Item.

7 E don't know, but at a guess we should say it was temperance drinks. Nobody has ever succeeded in inventing a decent temperance drink. Every one of them that we know anything about-and we think we have tried them all-if persisted in will upset the stomach and cause trouble. Water is the most useful and permanent one, but there is something in the atmosphere of mingling with our friends upon social occasions which demands a sort of bibulous ornamentation. Nobody nowadays is expected to drink alcohol if he doesn't want to. But one must be sociable and take something that has a color scheme, so humble concoctions like grape-juice cocktails, persimmon beer, horses' necks, etc., eventually drive one to alcohol. Certainly there is nothing so immoral as the average temperance drink.



CATCHING

### Relics of R. L. S.

IT was sad to see the last of the Stevenson letters go under the mallet the other day. All the scraps and shreds of R. L. S.'s handwriting for which the public would pay cash have now been distributed-mainly among the dozen New York dealers who buy up such properties. It seems rather sad and rather sordid that even the childhood scrawls of the best-loved modern writer should have to be converted into Federal Reserve notes.

R. L. S. was in money difficulties all his life: we wonder what he would have said on learning that his books, MSS. letters and personal curios would fetch over \$80,000 in an auction room in New York, where he once tramped West Street looking for a "two-bit house" to spend the night in.

# **Earn** \$3,000 to \$10,000 Annually



### FRESH FLOWERS TO ANYWHERE

PRO

estred; satisfaction guaranteed; soklets sent on request.

National Floral Corporation, 222-K Broadway, N. Y.



### Revolution

SOME day some bright man is going to discover how to get power directly from the sun.

Then we shall not care what gasoline costs.

Or coal.

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STO

Standard Oil will cease to dominate affairs.

Not to mention the smoke nuisance and the periodical scare about strikes in the mines.

As for the disadvantages, some other way will doubtless be found to finance the University of Chicago, Medical Research and Baptist Missions.

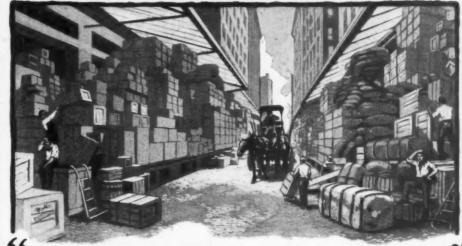
These revolutions never do as much harm as we think they will.

R. B.

HELTER: So you've met the great Miss Beautyblood! Does she bow to you?

Skelter: Yes, she gives me a nod of non-recognition.





# FEDERAL-ize It

That's the answer to your delivery problem— Federalize It.

Why struggle along with confusion and congestion in your hauling and delivery department?

Get the big idea of modern merchandise moving—maximum loads—scientific routing—quick time between delivery points—short stops.

Do more business—enlarge the area of your business territory—get new customers on the outskirts.

Outstrip the activities of all competitors—with less overhead than they have with their old delivery methods.

Make more profits—by saving time and selling faster—with FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCKS.

Ask for Reports on Actual Daily Work of Federals in Your Own Business and for Our Monthly Magazine on Transportation. Our Traffic Experts Have this Data for You.

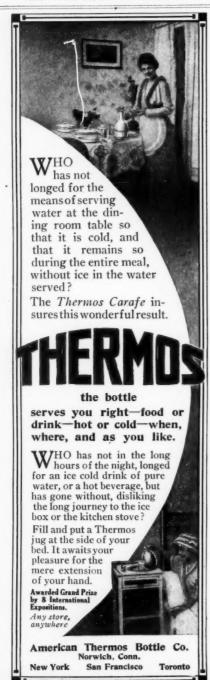
### Federal Motor Truck Company Detroit, Michigan

1½, 2 and 3½ Ton Trucks—Worm Drive Exclusively Federal Trucks sold in every city in the United States





FOR SALE-AT A BARGAIN-ELEGANT NEST IN CHERRY TREE, OWNER HAS NO FURTHER USE FOR IT



# BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER



Glass of Full Cream Milb

Sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



### **FATHERS AND MOTHERS:**

Each Will Feed Your Child the Same Amount of Strength, Heat and Energy

### BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK

Makers of

Famous Beech-Nut Bacon; Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup; Beech-Nut Chili Sauce; Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce; Beech-Nut Mustard.

Also Beech-Nut Jams, Jellies and Marmalades and the Beech-Nut Confections—Chewing Gum and Mints.

ASK YOUR DEALER



### A Wild Scheme

THE time came when a bright mind, who had the interests of his country thoroughly at heart, suggested that a protective duty should be placed upon original thought.

"Unless original thought in America is fostered," he asserted with some pride, "it will never get started."

But the authorities remained unconvinced.

"Such original thought as we might be able to foster," they still maintained, "no matter how highly protected, would never be able to compete with the pauper, original thought of Europe; we import philosophical systems from Germany for practically nothing; Egypt has, for a long time, been dumping jokes upon our market for the mere asking; even the made-in-England fiction upon which, as a nation, we subsist, can be had for the asking."

The man, losing all hope, then departed, convinced that it was all quite useless. But on his way home he observed, slyly:

"Just like those authorities! They didn't even think of the best argument of all against my plan; and that is, that if we should start original thought, it would throw so many thousands of our hard-working authors, psychologists and other literati out of employment. Which convinces me that the authorities are fully as dull as they ought to be, in order to maintain their exalted positions."

### The Boot on the Other Foot

WHEN Germany began this war she was a threat and a black peril to mankind.

How about it now? Who is most in danger-mankind or Germany?

What began as a German challenge for world-power seems gradually to have come to be a German struggle for existence.





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For over three generations No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap has been used—and endorsed—by dis-

criminating women the world over.

Its daily, regular use insures a clear, soft and velvety-smooth skin.

velvety-smooth skin.

So pure and transparent, it is a delight to use No. 4711
White Rose Glycerine Soap. Its delicate perfume and the
richness of its creamy lather are a lasting pleasure—a revelation in how satisfying a good soap can be.
You can get it at your favorite department store or druggist.
Send a 2 cent stomp for a sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose
Glycerine Soap; or 10 cents in stomps for a sample cake of the No.
a sample bottle of No. 4711 Bath Salts and a sample bottle of No. 4711
Ean de Cologne.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF Dept. L. 25 West 45th St., New York City

### Fools

(Continued from page 648)

extinguished that magic-lantern in the brain by which we realize the manycolored world without. The fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God."

The fool is one who has an impediment in his thought. It is not, as the modern fellows say, a prejudice put there by his grandmother. I have wandered over the world (so to speak) trying to find some faithful, simple soul who really believed in his own grandmother. He does not exist. The first act of the fool, when he is articulate, is to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs. Fools have no reverence. Fools have no humility. The impediment in the thought of the Great Modern Fool (for in this department we have beaten all other epochs) consists in the fact that his head has found room for one idea. It is a very modern idea. It is, if you like, a very large idea. But it is a very small head. The stopper fits the brain as a stopper fits a bottle. And when you have really put in the stopper, the brain stops.

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k City

I have met this true fool, whose brain has stopped like a clock, more often among the "advanced" than among the orthodox. Doubtless there has been much canting about religion, but take our own actual experience. Suppose we are in talk with a priest or parson or some professedly religious person; suppose we toy with some speculation about the reason or cause or origin of anything; why the elephant is so lonely and seems to have no relations; why Orientals write backwards: why Homer makes his men such heroes and his gods such sweeps; why the cat is domestic; why the suffragette is not domestic; why a kiss expresses tenderness; why a kick does not; why trusts have become more common or piracy on the high seas more rare; why men's coats do not button up behind, or why a lady prefers to talk interestingly to a friend after saying good-bye and not beforesuppose you talked of these or other such things, you know, as a matter of fact that the common curate or vicar would not reply to each query by turning up the whites of his eyes and saying, with a groan, "It was God's will." He would perceive that this generalization, though fine, left a lack of brightness in the conversation, and overlooked many details that might really be discussed with interest. But I have often met the Emancipated Fool who does answer exactly like that. In reply to the above question, or similar questions, he says, with hazy sagacity, "Oh, I suppose it was all Evolution." That there have been twenty theories of

# Barton & Guestier

Clarets and Sauternes and Olive Oil

"B&G"

These Exquisite Wines are in ample supply in all principal American Cities

At Unchanged Prices

FOR LUNCHEON
"B & G" HAUT SAUTERNE

FOR THE SALAD "B & G" OLIVE OIL

The wines of Messrs. Barton & Guestier have been the favorite of connoisseurs in the United States for over half a century.



Evolution; that there are difficulties in the theories of Evolution; that he himself has no theory of Evolution—all this he never dreams of considering, because the works in his head have been stopped by a word.

Another element in the mentality of the fool is what I may call the principle of the Broken Bridge. He makes an attempt to get to the end of a thought, but it breaks down in the middle. One leap of the mind exhausts him. This also is very common among intellectual high-thinkers and all who profess and call themselves clever. I remember in some "artistic" debating club meeting a fair young fool, who had beautiful hair and beautiful eye-lashes (which is worse), and who said we needed no law or morality, we need follow nothing "but our own sweet will." And as he said "sweet" he lowered the eyelashes, closed the lids and smiled. Had I followed my own sweet will, which



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# REPUBLIC TIRES

# are now a better "buy" than ever

If Republic Quality Tires were the highest priced tires on earth, they'd be the most economical tires in the end.

But they're not the highest priced.

Increased output and improved methods have enabled us to offer Republic Tires for 1916 at prices very little above those asked for ordinary tires. As a result, the motorist who buys Republics today is getting the best "buy" ever offered.

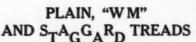
Go to the nearest Republic dealer and get a price on your size tire. Compare it with any other. You'll surely buy when you consider it's a Republic you're getting.

And your speedometer will vindicate your greatest expectations. Don't buy another tire until you see what Republic offers you for 1916. For detailed information address nearest dealer or

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### It's WEAR That Counts

There are only two kinds of collar buttons. One has the name

### **Krements**

stamped on the back. The other hasn't. The difference is in the WEAR. Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold Collar Buttons do NOT discolor the neck, blacken the collar band, turn brassy or tarnish. They last a lifetime. Sold everywhere with this iron-clad guarantee—

"If damaged from any cause a new button FREE."

14 Kt. Rolled Gold, 25c each. In solld gold, 10 Kt., \$1: 14 Kt., \$1.5). Select the style you like from our booklet, sent free upon request. KREMENTZ & CO., 90 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

was at the moment to bash him on the nose before he could get his eyes open, I might not only have pointed out the principle of the Broken Bridge in his idea, but I might have had the honor of introducing the principle of the Broken Bridge symbolically into his features. But the breakdown of all thought in such remarks is very curious. The fool says, "It would be nicer if everybody did as he liked "-and there he sticks. He cannot get any further than his sweet will. His sweet will has used him up. He has not strength left to ask what he is to do when it is a sour will; what he is to do when other people think it is a sour will; what he is to do when somebody else's sweet will is logically incompatible with the gratification of his sweet will, whether a large assortment of sweet wills ought or ought not to prevail over one sweet will, and so on. You must not expect thinking from an intellectual. The baby has got his sweet sugarstick, and his last penny is gone.

### Duty

SUNDAY - SCHOOL TEACHER; Now, children, what is the last thing you do before you go to bed at night?

Bright Girl: Put the latch-key under the door-mat for mother.



Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
4 Pound 50f — Sample upon request
Falk Tobacco Co. 56West 45°St. NewYork.



### Overheard

(By the man who has decided that he will not go away on a vacation this year)

"WELL, I wish I had your courage!"

"If you get lonesome and want me to spend the night with you, don't hesitate to say so."

"I always think that one is better off for a change. Still, you may find it isn't necessary in your case."

"Yes, business is pretty bad."



"GOING,-GOING.-"

# Klaxons say "Supper Time" on big ranch in Peru

HE sound of Klaxon automobile horns is music to the ear of ranch hands in Peru. It means time to stop work and come in for

The big ranches there stretch out for miles. A way was needed to summon the hands. A steam whistle was impractical—it was a difficult problem —until one day one of the ranchers heard a Klaxon on an automobile in Lima.

He bought several and put them on posts a mile apart—all over his ranch. Now it is simply a question of pressing a button. The men in the fields hear the Klaxons. In they come.

600,000 automobilists depend on this same Klaxon carrying power to herald their approach

around the turns of country roads; and in the noisy traffic of city streets.

The Klaxon is so universally used among motorists that the word "Klaxon" has come to mean auto horn"-and many horns which are not Klaxons are sold as Klaxons to unsuspecting mo-To be sure, look for-and find-the Klaxon name-plate.

There is a Klaxon for every kind and size of automobile-for trucks, motor-cycles, motor-boats —from the Hand Klaxonet at \$4 to the large Klaxon at \$20. Klaxons are made only by the

Lovell-McConnell Mfg. Co. of Newark, N. J.
LIFT THE HOOD AND SEE IF THE
HORN ON YOUR CAR BEARS THE
KLAXON NAME-PLATE.

his nameplate is your protection against substitution





"TELL ME HONESTLY, CADDIE, DID YOU EVER SEE A WORSE PLAYER THAN I AM?" "NOT THAT I REMEMBER, SIR; BUT I AIN'T GOT A VERY GOOD MEM'RY."

### The New Aesop

NCE, in the middle of winter, a Countryman found a Viper almost dead with the cold. He took it home, put it on the hearth, and, the heat soon reviving it, the Viper coiled and struck at the Countryman.

"Vile wretch," cried the Countryman, as he tried to hit it with the tongs, "is this the reward you make to him who saved your life?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the Viper as he dodged and made another lunge. "I am only acting like a Viper, while you, a human being who should know better, acted like an ass in bringing me here."

### This Portable Heat Blower Quickly Pays for Itself

Saves

Time

Money

Space

New economical way to dry products and manufactured articles.

Speeds up processes and increases output for manufacturer, physician, hair dresser, painter, photogra-pher, cleanser, laundry-man, boat builder, storekeeper, etc.

Ideal for auxiliary heat-ing in small theatres. De-livers large volumes of hot air instantly

Illustration show drying scene in

B. F. Sturtevant Co. Dept. 904, Hyde Park





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d list of successful pupils. 2117 Flatiron Bidge New York



### Advice

A DVICE is what you deal out to others in order to influence them into believing that your opinion is valuable. No advice is really acceptable, except the kind you get from a gentle, lovely, sweet and entrancing girl, as you fondly cling to her hand in the gloaming.

A professional adviser is one whom you do not know personally. If you did, you would never take his advice. He, therefore, depends for his living upon the number of people he doesn't know.

There is a great demand for advice based, not upon any real want, but because people like to know all the different ways of not doing things. This accounts for the large beneficent and paternalistic governments we have at the present time. The object of every government is to advise everybody about everything. That is the reason why governments make no progress. That is also the reason why the people who run them think they are necessary.

Advice comes by mail, can be bought at the news-stand, and is received from your next-door neighbor. Occasionally when he calls to give it, he is accompanied by a shotgun or a local policeman, which always lends zest to the interview. The only kind of advice, however, which is compulsory is that which comes from your wife. It is a wise and experienced man who always follows his wife's advice—except when she can't catch him not following it.

### Is Impaling Out of Style?

IT is odd, but, so far as noticed, no cases of impaling have been reported in the present war in Europe. There have been reports of crucifixions, but not of impalings.

Impaling used to be a very popular incident of conquest, especially in Southeastern Europe. That no contemporary program of frightfulness includes it is a detail worth noting. Pending fuller information, hopeful people are invited to accept it gingerly as a sign that perhaps mankind is just a little less savage than it used to be.

Every Rameses smoker is a magnet from which radiate lines of force.

Himself satisfied that he has found at last the invariably satisfactory cigarette from which he need never change, his next thought is to pass it on.

It is a good impulse.

It has spread Rameses all over the globe among men alike in discrimination and taste.

This would not be possible were Rameses a neutral cigarette—one which might easily be confused with others.

Rameses, "The Aristocrat of Cigarettes," is quite alone—possessed of an unusual fragrance, unmistakable and not to be forgotten.

Investigation will show you why they say "Nobody ever changes from Rameses."

### TIRES of CHARACTER

THE true test of a non-skid tread is not only its ability to meet an emergency. Many inferior tires, like men of the same type, acquire a reputation through rising to a crisis once or twice.

### BATAVIA Security Tires

prove themselves to be tires of character in the countless tests of wear and speed in day-to-day routine. The

emergencies are taken for granted.

Is your car tired or are you? Try BATAVIAS.

THE BATAVIA RUBBER CO.
BATAVIA - NEW YORK



### In the words of Touchstone, we speak for ourselves—

"Why, if thou never 'sawest The Theatre,' then thou never sawest 'a good theatrical magazine,' if thou never sawest 'this magazine' then thy 'ignorance' must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, 'reader.'"

The
Theatre
Magazine
12 W.38th St.
New York City

And we speak specially for the April Shakespeare issue, with its wonderful articles on Shakespeare and his time, and its rare old woodcuts and engravings

Please send me The Theatre for one year for \$3.50 which I will pay when billed May 1st.

### The Theatre Magazine

We will enter you as a subscriber to The Theatre beginning with the April issue if you will sign and address the coupon at the side. We will bill you May 1st, or you can send us your check for \$3.50 if you prefer.

Address....

### Song of the Reducers

COME, all ye afflicted, whose chief of woes
Is grossly superfluous adipose,
And learn of our Method of Growing Thin—
Relief to the Slaves of the Triple Chin!
Regard a potato with awe and dread;
You mustn't eat cereals, cheese or bread
Or custards or puddings or cakes or pies
Or sugar or butter or sweets or fries.
Then, sloughing the dross of your fine physique,
You soon will be losing a Pound a Week.

A Pound a Week, and a Pound a Week! If thistledown grace be the boon you seek, Adhere to the diet whereof we speak And soon you'll be losing a Pound a Week.

Think not we have left you with naught to eat! There's cabbage, tomatoes and fruit and meat And all of the garden-truck heart could wish, With eggs in their loveliness, fowl and fish. But touch not the flesh of the pigling small, And never, no never, drink milk at all, Nor cocktails nor whiskey nor beer or such; And don't you be lazy or sleep too much. Then, though you were like a museum freak, You'll lose, at the lowest, a Pound a Week.

A Pound a Week, and a Pound a Week! What joy to be slim as a heron's beak! Abandon the ranks of the fat and sleek And join us in losing a Pound a Week.

Arthur Guiterman.

### The Pugilistic Circle

THIS, then, is the circle of pugilistic championships: To be young, vigorous and ambitious to become more expert to whip more opponents to conquer the champion himself to make as much money out of the championship as possible to dissipate recklessly to grow weak and flabby to lose the championship to some one who is young, vigorous and ambitious to become more expert to whip more opponents to conquer the champion himself to make as much money as possible to dissipate recklessly and so on and on until one is not quite sure whether it is the manly art of self-defense or the unmanly art of self-destruction.



Artist: What's the matter? It's a good joke. Isn't It? "It's a very good joke. The first time I heard that joke I laughed till the tears rolled down my pinafore."





### Extracts from a Golfer's Dictionary

GOLF: A pursuit much followed, and a game much played at, by many persons, in full health or otherwise, who could not under any other conditions be induced to walk a mile in the open country. To some a profession, to some an obsession, to some a mystery.

LINKS: An abandoned farm located near or at a distance from a city and kept at great expense in a highly manicured condition, and given over to the pursuit of leisure, pleasure, and balls, high and rubber, by ladies and gentlemen to whom croquet is too limited, bridge too confining and poker too exciting.

GOLFER: A person of either sex who either plays golf or doesn't play golf but thinks he does. (See Duffer.)

DUFFER: A sod-cutting biped armed with a great deal of nerve, plaid stockings, a red coat and a bagful of assorted iron weapons, who plays at the game of golf irrespective of the ball or anybody else.

CADDIE: A combination of freckles, impudence and old clothes, made in the form of a human being to help golfers lose their balls, their tempers and their reputations.

Husband: I don't see why you have accounts in so many different stores.

Wife: Because, my dear, it makes the bills so much smaller.

-Boston Transcript.

### For Sore Muscles

Absorbine, Jr. brings quick relief. Keep it always at hand for instant use.

Athletes use Absorbine, Jr. for the muscle that has been strained, for the cut or laceration that runs a chance of infection; for the abrasion that pains and the limbs that are stiff and lame from over-exertion.

### Absorbine Jr

When applied to cuts, bruises and sores, it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptically clean and promotes rapid and healthy healing. It allays pain and inflammation promptly. Swollen glands, painful variations occeveins, wens and bursal enlargements

cose veins, wens and bursal enlargements yield readily to the application of Absorbine, Jr.

Absorbine, Jr. is made of herbs and is non-poisonous—safe to use anywhere, even by the smallest member of the family.

\$1.00 a bottle at druggists or postpaid.

A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. G.

307 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



### Have It Your Own Way

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid

Here's Shaving Soap, men, that makes your razor your pet toy and shaving the day's event.

Touch your brush to it and you have a lather like whipped cream. None of that on-again-off-again-Finnegan stuff about Williams' lather. It stays, holds its moisture like a sea fog and makes the razor's work a pastime.

It's as pure as the food you eat and as mild as a day in June. Whether yours is a once-over or a repeat, the result is the same—no bite or sting; no hard, dry feel.

Williams' Shaving Soap has been encouraging the daily shave habit for 75 years, and that's about 74 years, 11 months and 27 days longer than a poor soap could last.

Therefore, don't say "shaving soap" to the dealer. His judgment as to what your face needs cannot possibly be as good as your own. Say Williams' Shaving Soap.

Send 12 cents in stamps for a trial size of all four forms, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn. Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Tale Powder

### If They Told the Truth

"MR. CHAIRMAN, I'm glad to say that I can't make an interesting speech, but even if I could I wouldn't waste it on so much intelligence as I see before me this evening—sitting, as you are, half dazed with food, alcohol and tobacco."

"Well, good-bye, Mrs. Diamondback. I've had a dull week-end. But I ex-

pected it anyway. One of the things we have to endure, isn't it? Hope you'll get a better cook the next time I come"

"You'd never know this was a second-hand car, would you? The engine hasn't been touched for five years, but a new coat of paint has given it a fine appearance, hasn't it? Worth seventy-five dollars. Sell it to you for five hundred dollars."



# "Its Performance Has Conquered 740 Cities

High engine speed and the resulting range of performance is no longer for the well-to-do only.

The appearance of the magnificent new 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers at \$1050 at last ties up superlative performance with canny operating economy and a remarkably low first cost.

This car marks as great a revolution in the traditions of the medium-priced motor car as the incandescent light did in the traditions of illumination.

3400 crankshaft revolutions per minute mean the translation of raw brute might into every charm of going.

It has cast its magic spell over 740 American cities.

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It has fused force with finesse and put high engine speed where it belongs—into the harness of fuel-thrift and wondrous acceleration.

If this car were a burly racing beast, you'd pay a fuel-bill twice the amount of that which she demands. And you'd get speed over 60 miles an hour at the drastic cost of that pick-up which motorists prize above and beyond everything else.

You can set foot on her throttle without fear of any alarming, treacherous, tire-burning burst of speed.



## —the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers—\$1050"

She'll go 60 miles an hour any time you say, but why 60?

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She's a car a woman can drive without the slightest uneasiness, because she's schooled to obey.

She makes every gallon of gas refund you 18 miles of untroubled travel. Your gasoline bill at the end of the year will total \$150 to \$200 less than if you were driving some other car with a low-speed engine.

And the smooth, unfretted ease of her going will add many miles to the life of your tires.

One rejuvenating journey in the 3400 r. p. m

Chalmers, and you'll know what I mean when I say that this is the car that has upset all popular-priced automobile traditions, and put itself above the pale of competition.

Not to have seen and felt this vehement, wheeled creature perform, is to miss a thrill worth standing in line to experience.

Touring Car or Roadster, \$1050 Detroit; \$1475 in Canada Cabriolet, \$1400 Detroit; \$1900 in Canada

Colors: Meteor Blue, or Oriford Maroon with gold stripe Cabriolet also furnished in Valentine Green.

Chalmers Motor Company Detroit, Michigan



# Pears' Soap

the inevitable choice whenever the purchaser insists upon high quality at a moderate price?

Because—Pears is recognized by the most critical as the very finest soap that it is possible to produce at any price—absolutely pure—thoroughly cleansing—particularly fine for sensitive skin in any climate.

Its unusual lasting quality and low price make Pears most economical for daily use.

We want you to know Pears, for to know this delightful soap is to use it—take advantage of our special offer now.

Pears' Unscented Soap is sold everywhere in boxes, or by the single cake at 15c.

Pears' Glycerine Soap at 20c. Pears' Perfumed No. 1 Tablet at 30c. Pears' Otto of Rose at 75c.

### A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high grade toilet soap in the world.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER A generous trial cake of Pears' Unscented Soap will be sent post-paid on receipt of 4c (stamps) to cover postage—address Walter Janvier, U. S. Agent, 507 Canal Street, New York, U. S. A.

### What Business Is

THANKS to the indefatigable platitudinarians, it is now pretty well established that business is business. If, therefore, you should go to your banker to try to borrow a large amount of money and, in the course of his refusal, he should remark that business is business, let it go at that. Don't start an argument, because he will be sure to get the best of you.

From almost any angle you approach the matter it can be proved that business is business. Geometrically, for instance, it can be shown that business is business, for if it were not business, then it would not be business, which is absurd.

Then again, we can not only reduce the matter to an absurdity, but we can reduce it to a syllogism, thus:

Major premise—Not-business is not-

Minor premise—Business is not notbusiness.

Conclusion—Therefore, business is business.

Anyone having the patience, motivated by the proper amount of scepticism, may continue on and reach the same result through the channels of biology, ethnology, terminology, anthropology, apology, teleology and the like, but for the most of us this is quite unnecessary. We are willing to admit without a struggle that business is certainly business.

Q. E. D.



PREPAREDNESS



Get a good mower this year—and you'll have a good mower for many years. If a "PENNSYL-VANIA" Quality Mower, it will stay sharp and smooth-cutting a dozen years before you even have to sharpen it, and will last a generation.

"PENNSYLVANIAS" are the only Mowers with *all* blades of crucible tool steel, oil-hardened and water-tempered as in all kinds of cutting tools.

This exclusive feature explains why "PENN-SYLVANIA" Quality blades hold their keen-cutting edge and are self-sharpening, remaining, without regrinding, in the first-class cutting condition that means a smooth, well-kept lawn.

Equally light running and easy drawing, any of these "PENNSYLVANIA" Quality Brands will be found at your hardware or seedsman.

"Fennsylvania"
"Great American
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"Shock Absorber"
"Golf"
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THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER
What Else He Was and Who

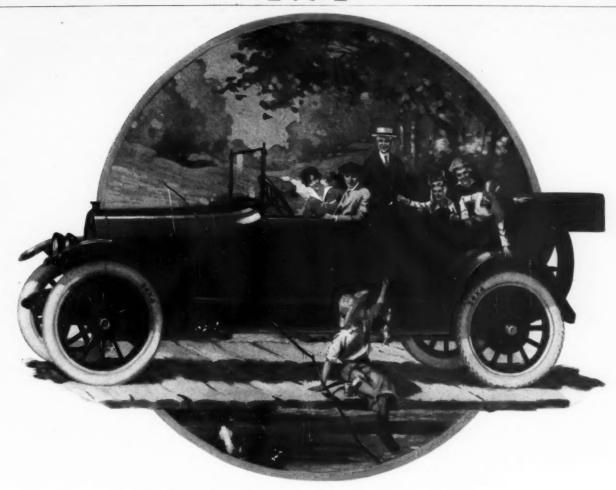
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### Make Certain of Your Jeffery Now

THE joys of Jeffery ownership are not for everybody this year—a Jeffery shortage is an assured fact.

Now, when Nature is just beginning to smile, is the time to assure yourself this privilege, and throughout all the golden days of Spring and Summer you will realize to the full your perfect satisfaction in your purchase.

Your judgment in selecting the car which introduced the high-speed, long-stroke, high-efficiency motor to America will be justified daily by actual performance in comparison with the products of other factories which have followed the Jeffery example.

From radiator to rear axle you will find a multitude of other evidences of Jeffery leadership—made possible because the car has been developed by Jeffery engineers, and is built, practically in its entirety, in the Jeffery factory. You will be satisfied with the car as a unit because the car has been built as a unit to satisfy you.

An early visit to your Jeffery dealer will insure you this satisfaction—and at the very time of the year when motoring is most delightful.

	JEFFERY SIX
Samuel Passanger Tourism	tinctive beauty and sur-
	th practically unlimited
Three Passenger Roadster 1000 power and speed .	\$145
Sedan-top removable, summer top included 1165 (Prices F. C	B. Kenosha, Wis.)

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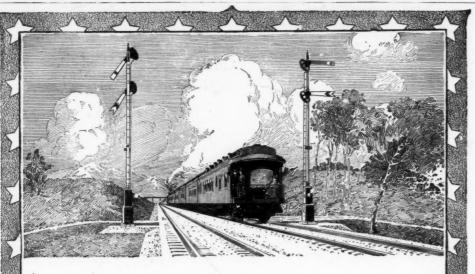
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No ride in the world is smoother than this. Nine million tons of red granite, weathered into billions of tiny, resilient cubes, dug from the summit of the Laramie Mountains and spread over the lines of the Union Pacific, give this system a roadbed which never has been excelled.

Because of this ballast—together with freedom from curves and great care in handling trains—a ride on the Union Pacific is like a limousine on the boulevard.

If you never have used this railroad you have something to learn about traveling comfort.

### UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM

Joins East and West with a Boulevard of Steel

Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager Union Pacific System Chicago, Iil.

### Haste in Marrying

"MARRY in haste and repent at leisure" isn't at all typically true. "Marry in haste and get acquainted at leisure" is much truer. If, after this, wives and husbands haven't sense enough to apply what they have learned, then let them repent, not their marriages, but the failure of their ancestors to endow them with brains. "Marry in hatte and repent at leisure" is questionable from a material stand-

point also. When one marries in haste, the chances are that one will thereafter be too busy to have leisure in which to repent. This is not offered as an objection to marriage: on the contrary, it is just as it should be. If you see a life of leisure before you, don't get married at all.

### Rule or Ruin

IN a football game a student of Knox College suffered a dislocated vertebra. He was taken to the municipal hospital of the city of St. Louis. The last hope of the boy's parents was osteopathic treatment. When, however, two osteopathic practitioners appeared at the hospital they were refused admittance. The mayor and director of public welfare were appealed to, and in the student's dying hours the osteopaths were admitted, although the visiting staff of the hospital threatened to resign.

It was more than the merely embarrassing possibility that they might be successful that caused the exclusion of these practitioners. Hippocrates is supposed to have said that he "shuddered to think what would happen to the medical profession when the public became aware of the futility of drugs." The osteopaths committed the heresy of belonging to a school which is very much "aware of the futility of drugs."

Ellison Hoover.

### Superior

CHICAGO LITTLE BOY: Chicago is an awful big place. Why, it's even got suburbs.

New York Little Boy: Huh! that's nothing. New York's suburbs have got suburbs!





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A Shilling in London A Quarter Here



- at good places you don't need to mention the name Just ask for the best cigarette

